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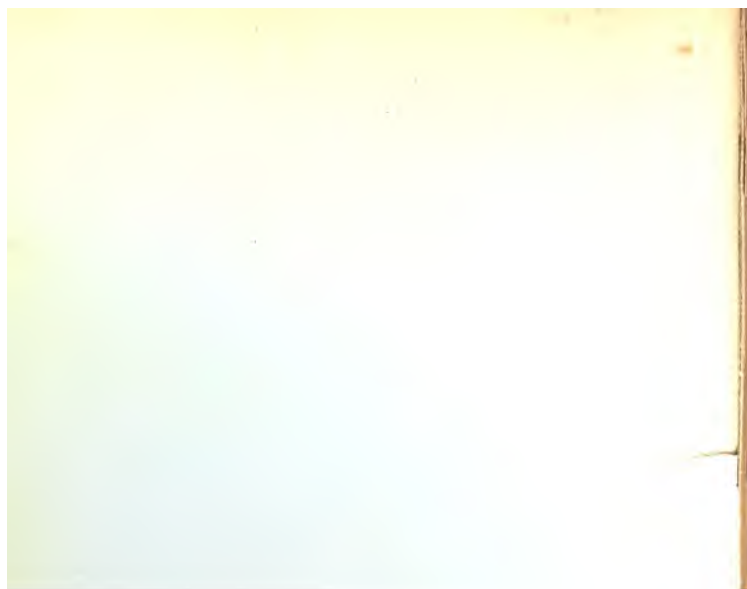
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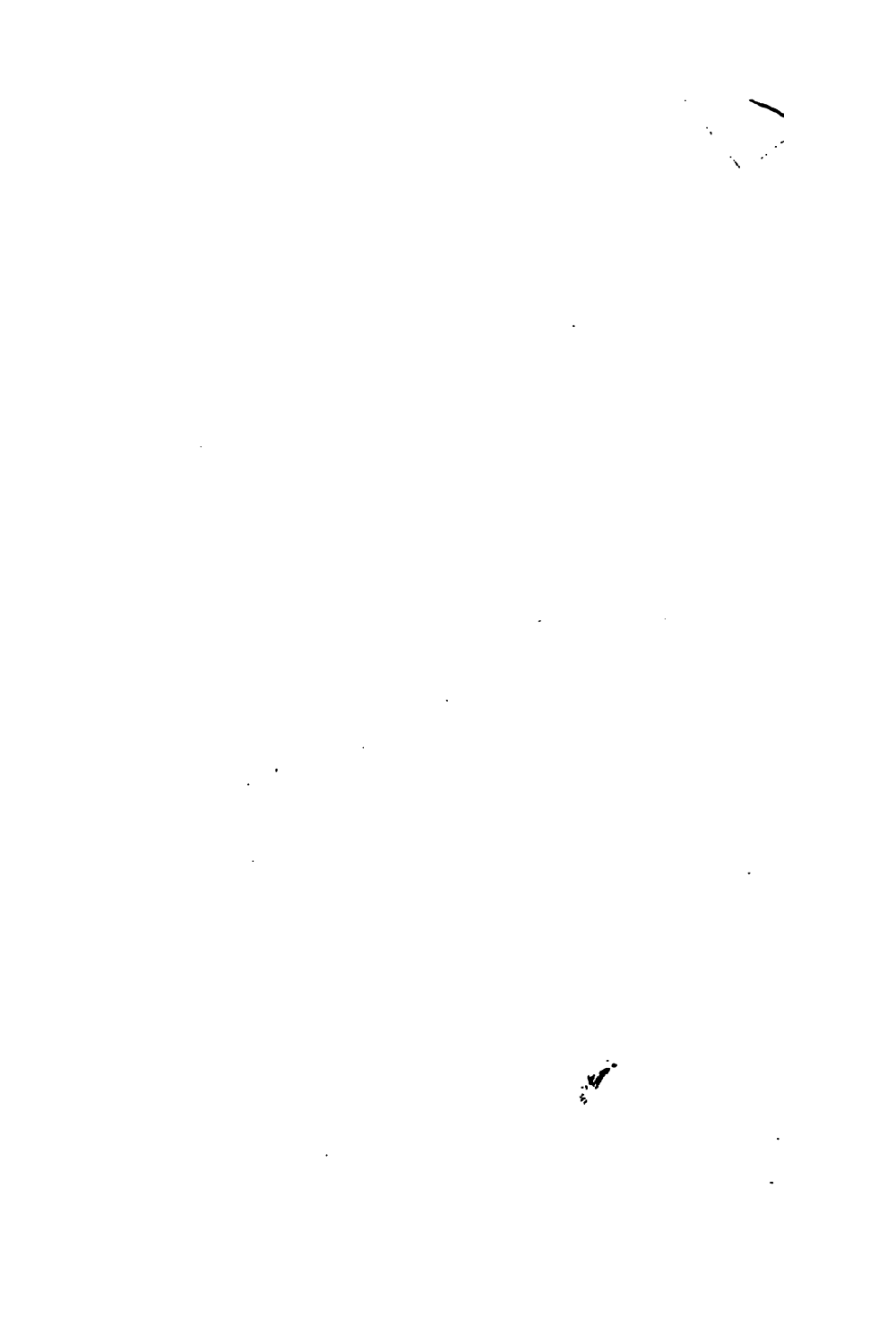
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THE
YOUNG LADY'S
CABINET OF GEMS.

CHOICE COLLECTION

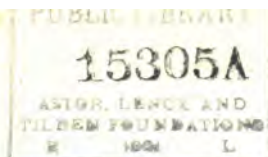
OF

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BY
VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

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THE
YOUNG LADY'S
CABINET OF GEMS.



PREFACE.

IN making this collection my object has been to present the reader with pieces that are really gems, not only in expression, but in thought and sentiment. It has been my constant endeavour to present the real spirit of the present age, so eminently an age of progress.

It will consequently be found that not only are the pieces here given, the productions of living or very recent writers for the most part, but that the poetry breathes that high spirit of philanthropy and Christian benevolence which marks the present era, and which serves to keep alive the high tone of moral feeling, which the real philanthropist is happy to recognise as one of the features of our best current

Poetry is one of the most powerful aids to human refinement and spiritual progress. With the aid of flowing numbers it impresses great truths indelibly on the mind; and, although the office of collecting the fugitive pieces of great living writers, and presenting them in a collective form for popular instruction, may be deemed an humble one, its known utility has rendered the task in the present instance highly delightful.

The prose extracts are chiefly didactic and descriptive, with the same object of real utility always in view.

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THE
YOUNG LADY'S
CABINET OF GEMS.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

THE gloomy night is breaking,
E'en now the sunbeams rest,
With a faint yet cheering radiance,
On the hill-tops of the west.

The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain;
And a spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like the ocean,
With its solemn bass along.

CABINET OF GEMS.

“Ho! can ye stay the rivers,
Or bind the wings of light;
Or bring back to the morning
The old departed night?

“Nor shall ye check my impulse,
Nor stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt my healing power.”

That spirit is Progression,
In the vigour of its youth;
The foeman of Oppression,
And its armour is the TRUTH.

Old Error, with its legions,
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,
The spirit still will soar,
'Till peace and love shall triumph,
And falsehood reign no more.

SUNSET.

FULL tenderly and softly fades away
The slowly, beautifully-dying day;
Like sweetest memories of the precious past,
Lovelier and lovelier seems it to the last.

Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

What hopes are gathered to their graves to-night—
What visions and what dreams have ta'en their flight!
Fast waves of hours have sought the Eternal sea,—
We, too, draw near our Immortality!

Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

How bright, how soft, the deeply-mantling clouds,
Day's latest draperies, and the sun's rich shrouds!
Ah! lovelier than the rosy birth of Love,
Declining and decay can be above!

Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

A heavenly thing can dying *there* be made;
Smiles o'er the whole celestial scene have played,

With retinue and with regalia bright
As that of conquering kings—Day sinks to N
 Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

Ye vanished moments! ye are gone with all
That in your flying visits did befall;
Keen pangs, sweet pleasures—Hope, Dismay, Surprise,
And all your precious charge of smiles and sighs:
 Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

In worlds afar, say, shall your trumpet-voice
Past hours! sigh forth “Lament,” or sing “Rejoice.”?
Ah! little matters *here* your joy or care,
If ye but lead to the endless rapture there!
 Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

Too much we dwell upon this earthly scene,
Too much upon its grief or gladness lean;—
And **let** the leaves of Life drop one by one,
Scarce heeding how Eternity sweeps on!
 Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken,
Another step Eternity hath taken.

It should not be! That gladness or that grief,—
They’re but like passing tints on each light leaf.
The fruit is deathless!—vain the Joy, the Care,
Save as they sow the Eternal harvest there!
 Another leaf is from our Life-tree shaken—
Another step Eternity hath taken.

LOVE, THE ARTIST.

"O Art, unto my longing eyes,"
 I said, "her charms for ever give;
 In that sweet life that never dies
 For ever let her beauty live."
 And Art his eager pencil plied
 To paint her charms, all charms above:
 But soon "In vain I strive," he cried;
 "Oh who can paint her—who but Love?"

I turned to Fancy—"To my sight,"
 I murmured, "from the glowing air
 Oh let her gaze my soul delight,
 As if she breathed before me there!"
 At Fancy's call her image came—
 Oh not her charms, all charms above!
 Poor Fancy's cry was but the same—
 "Oh who can paint her—who but Love?"

Then mighty Love, with laughing joy,
 The pencil seized with wild delight,
 And ere I well could mark the boy,
 She laughed in life before my sight!
 Oh who like him such brows could draw,
 Such dark, deep eyes, all eyes above—
 Like him could paint the charms I saw?
 Oh who can paint her—who but Love?

MENTAL IMPRESSIONS INDELIBLE.

SAID Hannah More to a female friend, who was watching by her dying bed, "I love you fervently, and it will be pleasant to you twenty years hence to remember that I told you so in my last moments." This was a tender and touching remark. But for aught we can know to the contrary, the venerable woman might have spoken to her sympathizing companion of twenty centuries to come with the same propriety as of twenty years.

That faculty of the mind which we call memory, and by which the ideas of past objects are so retained as never to lose their impressions, is one of the noblest of human endowments. Without the ability of thus keeping what we gain, and using acquisitions already made as helps to further acquisitions, there could scarcely be any such thing as mental improvement. This is the basis of all education, the ground-work of all real progress. What we need is the power of treasuring up facts, reasonings, and conclusions once possessed, as a means of further advancement, and a nucleus around which other accumulations shall gather. Were it not for the existence of such a faculty, the effort to gain knowledge would be as fruitless as pouring water into a sieve.

It is not pretended that memory has any such power

as to be able at will to exhibit all its treasures ready for use. This is not the prerogative of man, or perhaps of any other created being. What we mean is that mental impressions are in themselves so indelible as to be capable of reproduction, by concurring circumstances, in all their freshness and force. This is the aspect of the matter which I deem of most practical importance. It tells every young man that the whole future must take its complexion from the present, and that his state hereafter will be nothing else than his state now, carried forward uninterruptedly and interminably.

1. What light is afforded us, on this subject, by the *nature of the mind itself*?

By mind I here intend simply that intellectual or intelligent power in man, by which he considers, reflects, reasons, and judges. But does not this imply memory, and memory in exercise? Human life is a chain made up of links, thus curiously fastened together and constituting an indivisible whole. One impression runs always into another, and to live for ever is but to think for ever and remember for ever. This faculty of recollection and association seems, so far as we can determine, to be inseparable from rationality and accountability. Everything must be remembered that has had any influence in giving shape to character. Ahab will never forget his interview with the Prophet, in the garden of Naboth. Paul will always retain a vivid recollection of his visit to Damascus.

Hence it is that life, past, present, and future, is only so many portions of the same indivisible thing: That great mystery of man, which, for want of a better name, we call conscious existence, has a beginning and a progress, but it can never have a termination. Started once on its high career, it must keep on unless arrested by the fiat of its Author. The vessel once afloat can never slacken her sail, but must pass out of the river of time into the ocean of eternity. This is the law of one's mental existence. The mind advances from stage to stage, without ever breaking the thread of its being, or losing what it has gained.

But can we conceive of a perfect identity, in the midst of such changes as these, without memory? Take from man the power of recollecting what is past, and you bring him down from his high estate, and reduce him to a condition little above that of the fowls of the air, or the beasts of the field. It is his distinct, peculiar prerogative to possess self-consciousness—a knowledge of his own feelings—the faculty of retrospection. The ox, by a sort of natural instinct, may “know his owner, and the ass his master's crib;” but that kind of recollection which consists in pondering the scenes of one's earlier days, and renewing to himself the impression of by-gone events, is peculiar to man. It belongs solely to him to take cognisance of the beatings of his own heart, the impulses of his own soul, the foreshadowings of his own destiny. Without this, he could not be an intelligent, respon-

sible, moral agent. Without it, he could not be a man.

It is memory that so connects life here and life hereafter, as to render it really one life. Whatever changes take place, they are merely relative and circumstantial. When the child becomes a man, he is found to have brought his early recollections with him; when the man puts on gray hairs, he retains the impressions of the years that are past; and when the same man passes into the world of spirits, he takes with him the remembrance of what occurred on earth. There is no break in his being—no sundering it into fragments. The body may change again and again, as it passes from infancy to old age, but still remain the very same body, and so it appears to be with the mind. In every alteration, there is identity of being and perpetual enlargement. One set of impressions comes in to add to the tide of another, until in eternity existence itself becomes one vast, comprehensive, overpowering memory.

A temporary oblivion, however entire, proves nothing against the general permanence of mental impressions. How often is it the case, that at some unexpected moment, and by means which no one can explain, we recall the images of things for a long time apparently gone from us? The idea had once existed in the mind, and nothing was requisite but the moving of some invisible chord to bring it fully to life again. Nor does it militate against our theory, that the memory often becomes weakened by sickness or old age. This is

very true, but how do we know that it is the mind, in such cases, which fails, or only the organs by means of which the mind now operates? These instances seem to be proof of the failure of the outer, and not of the inner man.

All that we know of the nature of mind leads us to conclude that what is once written on it can never be effaced. For a long season together, words and phrases and detached sentences may so disappear as to become nearly or quite illegible. But sooner or later a flood of light will be poured on those faded letters, clear as that which shone on the Jewish breast-plate.

2. It is important to inquire, how *well-ascertained facts* bear upon the point before us?

You have already seen that mind could not be what it is, or act as it does, were not memory one of its essential attributes. Thus much is clear. But the question arises, Is there anything in the incidents of real life which tends to confirm our reasonings in relation to this matter? And I answer, Yes, there are thousands of fully authenticated cases, which go to show that every mental impression once existing may be revived again. If loss there be, it is not a perpetual loss. Like a letter written with invisible ink, under favourable circumstances every sentence may be brought distinctly out.

Something may be learned on this subject from the phenomena of sleep. When you stand by the couch of a friend, at the hour of midnight, it seems to you

at first view as if his intellect was actually extinct. You see no motion, you hear no speech, you perceive no trace of thought. So far as consciousness of passing events, or intellectual activity is concerned, he lies like a clod, or, at most, a mere breathing lump of clay. Where is the mind, the reflection, the memory now? But let that friend be aroused, and all he ever knew is fresh before him, and thought moves on with all its previous power. This seems to solve the problem. So may the sick man, the insane man, the superannuated man, the dead man, awake to a full realization of whatever had gone before.

That the mind actually retains what it receives, and keeps what it gets, there is abundant reason to believe. It would be easy to occupy hours in citing cases, described by writers on mental and moral science, all favouring this conclusion. Something occurs to quicken recollection, and then scenes and events are called up, which had apparently all faded away. To set the machine in motion, so to speak, it is sufficient often that there should be an attack of fever, a season of nervous excitement, or a feeling of sudden danger. Now it is that all the past comes pouring down upon the present. Under such circumstances, the individual really seems to live more in a single half-hour than he had in weeks, or even months before.

As an illustration of this idea, let me refer to the sensations of a drowning man, as described by himself. From the moment exertion ceased, though the senses were all benumbed, the activity of the mind

was excited to a degree which defies the power of language to express. Thought succeeded thought—the review of one event followed that of another with inconceivable rapidity. All the scenes of his past life seemed crowded into a single group, and yet each so stood out in its individuality that he could not help deciding on its character. It was really nothing more nor less than a sort of sitting in judgment on himself. And this whole scene was compressed into the narrow limits of two minutes—that being the precise time he was in the water. What a fact have we here! No wonder we find the person himself asking, Have we not in this occurrence an indication of that almost infinite power of memory which we shall feel after death?

To me there is a world of instruction in a single reliable account like this. It gives us a whole chapter on the imperishable nature of mental impressions, and helps us to understand something more of the yet unexplained problems of our own existence. Who can tell the effect on the mind of the coming of the last messenger, or the blowing of the final trump? Is it possible to imagine how vividly all the emotions and events of the present life may reappear when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption?

The case of Dives is exactly in point. Here is a person who, after wasting life in self-indulgence and sumptuous fare, has just reached the eternal world and commenced his existence there. Time with him has become eternity. But mark, there is no break in the

continuity of his being, no cessation of thought, no pause in the working of memory. Let his prayer for a drop of water, and his anxiety for the five brethren left behind, tell how his mind is employed. Every past transaction now comes up again. The purple and fine linen, the loaded table, and the neglected beggar are all recollected, and each adds bitterness to his cup of woe.

This involves, if I mistake not, the great principles on which the final judgment is to be conducted. Each, in that grand assize, must give account of himself to God, that "every one may receive according to the things he hath done, whether good or bad." How particular and specific! But this, and many similar declarations, can never prove true, unless the mind shall then and there recall all its bygone feelings and exercises. Memory is no less necessary on the part of man, than is rectitude on the part of God. In no other way can the reckoning be such that every individual shall be either acquitted or condemned out of his own mouth. The whole life long will then come up for review. This is the point at which we stop between the past and the future, and from which we shall proceed never to pause again for ever.

Now, my young friends, should not such thoughts as these be often revolved in your minds? That within you which we call life—intellectual, immortal life—never rises into higher value than when we thus contemplate its separate portions as constituting one whole. It is the same conscious, reflecting being to—

day as yesterday, and in another world as in this. There is a process going forward, as it respects yourselves, far more wonderful than that by which multitudes have the features of their face transferred to the polished plate. That merely gives the lineaments of the external man, and gives them on a perishable substance; but, in the case before us, the impression is upon mind—undying mind—and when once fairly taken can never wear out.

Will you not stop, then, and ask yourselves what kind of pictures you are now sitting for? Suppose that every sin you commit should produce a visible mark on your forehead, not to be concealed from either friend or foe, and which must always tell of crime and ignominy. The mark would seem as dreadful as that upon doomed Cain. But are you not aware that a polluted thought harboured, a bad habit formed, a malignant passion indulged, will produce a scar on the soul, which all the ointments of the apothecary can never remove? Once do wrong, and a blot is made which nothing but the blood of Christ can ever wash away. Adhere to you it must in life, in death, and in eternity. Every act is opening a fountain which will send forth its streams of blessing or cursing over the whole field of your existence.

Listen to a simple tale. "The nails are gone, but the marks are there," said a weeping child to a father who had promised to drive a nail into a post for every wrong act his son did, and to pull one out for every right act. At length, such was the good conduct of

the boy that the last nail was extracted. But, to the surprise of the father, who congratulated him upon the fact, the child cried out with tears, "Yes! the nails are gone, but the marks are there still." Ah, the overwhelming power of memory! Give me pain, give me poverty, give me loss of friends, give me anything in the long catalogue of human ills, sooner than make conscience my tormentor.

Have you seen some idle boy cutting his name into the bark of a tender tree? Little does he think, as letter after letter is formed, how they will all live, and grow and stand more distinctly out, as year upon year adds to the size of the tree. Every incision of the knife remains and becomes increasingly legible as time elapses. What an emblem of the power which memory will give to those acts in which thousands of youth now thoughtlessly indulge! The bad deed once perpetrated, looks worse and worse as weeks and months pass away. Forgotten it will never be. It is certain to reappear and tell its tale of sadness over and over again, in the chamber of disease, on the dying bed, and in the ages of eternity. The evil cannot be got rid of. No human expedient can chase the guilt away.

What an argument have we here for living according to the requirements of the gospel! Cherish those virtuous feelings which come from the Spirit and the cross of Christ, and what remains to you of the present life will be soothed with peace and gilded with hope; and when you pass into eternity, it will be to

be followed with reminiscences which shall fill all the future with the effulgence of Paradise itself.

THE THREE TRAVELLERS.

AN OLD APOLOGUE VERSIFIED.

THREE travellers journeyed in pleasant communion,
Together they anxiously wished to remain,
And planned, how, in case of a sudden disunion,
Each best might discover his comrades again.

Thus counselled the First:—"You must seek not to
meet me

In the barren and desolate regions of earth:
In man's busy haunts you are likely to greet me,
Where the chirp of the cricket is heard on the
hearth—

"Where the feast is in progress of brisk preparation—
Where smoke lightly curls round the chimney's tall
spire—

Where tapers gleam forth from the bright habita-
tion:—

There enter, and hail the kind aspect of *Fire!*"

The Second thus spoke:—"Amid fields deeply sloping,
Where osiers and reeds in abundance are seen—
Where willows are meekly and pensively drooping—
Where the turf wears its freshest and tenderest
green—

"Where often, a low, rippling melody gushes
In liquid and silvery sound o'er the ear—
Where the wind softly sighs over thick beds of rushes,
There hope for my presence, for *Water* is near!"

"For me," said the Third, "you may seek for my
dwelling
Alike in the court, in the mart, and the glen;
I live amid mortals in virtue excelling,
Pure maidens, chaste matrons, and truth-loving men.

"Yet long may you trace me through village and city,
Unable your former companion to claim;
Alas! those who prize me, will view you with pity,
But shrink back surprised when you mention my
name.

"The good and the wise in each circle and station,
Will tell you with sighs that your quest is in vain,
And say—'You confess you have lost *Reputation*,
Then seek not, expect not to find it again!'"

HERO WORSHIP.

"I SUPPOSE," thought I, as we found ourselves one fine day last summer the only occupants of a spacious carriage on the Great Western Line, and whirling along at the delicious speed of an "express train"—"I suppose we shall find things as unchanged at Fairy Lodge as if but a single day, instead of a twelve-month, had elapsed since our last visit. Perhaps our kind and aged host and hostess may be a little more bent with the accumulation of years; and probably the iron-gray head of Watson, the butler, may now be more snowy. Certainly the old-fashioned damask furniture must be a *leetle* more faded; and perhaps this year the ivy reaches quite to my bed-room window." My thoughts of change and progress—expressed half aloud—could go no further.

"You forget the likeliest change," said my companion with a smile: "the children must surely have grown."

Now little Emily and Anne, the orphan grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray, brought to mind, by a natural association of ideas, their governess. But this was the last individual in the world one would connect with change and variety, notwithstanding the infinite variety of her acquirements and accomplishments. Poor thing! twenty years of servitude,

beneath the withering influence of the most *false position* in which a gentlewoman can be placed, had wrought their work upon her. It is true that her present employers had too strong a sense of justice, and hearts too kind, to do other than treat Miss Newson with something more than the usual consideration in which, alas! governesses are held; but it is not in the power of individuals to touch the root of the evil: this must be done by a change in public opinion, or I should rather say in general manners, which by rendering to the governess the liberty, respect, and homage which are her due, and approaching her guerdon somewhat more nearly to that of a favourite opera dancer, may make happy the position which must be honourable.

But I am endeavouring to relate an anecdote, not trying to moralize. I remembered that, with a regularity approaching that of clockwork, Miss Newson's duties had been fulfilled. At a certain hour she rose, at a certain hour she walked with her pupils, weather permitting (if not relaxed to battledore and shuttlecock with them in the great hall for exercise). There were certain hours for music, and certain days for painting; a certain time to remain in the drawing-room after dinner, and a certain time to retire to rest. That Miss Newson was a highly educated woman there could be no doubt, from the rapid progress her pupils made under her tuition; that she was amiable and kind to them there need be as little hesitation in declaring, since they were evidently warmly attached

to her ; and yet I know not how it was, she was nearly as little noticed in the family as any of the old-fashioned furniture ; like that, she seemed to belong to the house ; and like that, her absence would have been felt more perceptibly than her presence was remarked. If a stranger addressed conversation pointedly to her, she became a little embarrassed, and a bright colour would mount to her pale cheek, and strike off a dozen years of her age at least. Yet the sort of nervous timidity she experienced was painful to witness ; the sound of her own voice to half-a-dozen listeners—if really entrapped into conversation—was more than she could endure ; and either her gloves, her netting, a book, or something, was sure to be wanted, giving her an excuse for escaping out of the room. It seemed really kinder to leave her alone, and suffer her to pursue the dull calm of her monotonous life, unbroken even by the kindling words of sympathy.

One thing, however, quite distressed me ; and that was the want of respect, and sometimes indeed the marked neglect, with which the servants treated poor Miss Newson. To add to the many discomforts of a governess, she is very seldom popular with the servants ; unless she is in mind and feelings quite unworthy her responsible position, she is almost always called “proud” by the domestics ; simply because she finds, from experience, that not being protected by a sufficiently marked difference of station, the return of any kindly unbending on her part would probably be some unwarrantable liberty. Now at Fairy Lodge

there were also some jealousies to contend with. The old nurse thought the governess had spirited away the children's affections from herself; and Mrs. Mowbray's own maid felt a just degree of indignation whenever Miss Newson was intrusted with the keys, or was solicited to write a note for Mrs. Mowbray, were it only one of invitation. I had always pitied the poor governess, notwithstanding her calm and placid manners, which were the farthest in the world from complaint; and I had often wondered if there existed an inner world of feeling in her heart, or if that quiet uncommunicative being could have told a history.

Thanks to steam, the wonder and blessing of this century, our journey was neither long nor fatiguing. We had but three miles to travel from the station; the Mowbrays' roomy carriage awaited us, and we arrived at Fairy Lodge, fifty miles from London, as little wearied as if we had taken but a morning drive. How I love the warm, make-yourself-at-home greeting of old friends, especially when the house is old too—that is to say, old in one's acquaintance with it—when you know your way to your chamber without being told “to mind the three steps;” when you remember precisely where the morning sun will stream in, and have not to look about for the bell! Then the dogs—there cannot be a country house without dogs—are not quite sure at first that they know you. That fine fellow, Tartar, barks vociferously as we enter the gates; but he changes his mind after a moment, and struggles to break from his chain; and as soon as we

are quietly seated, not before, the beautiful King Charles crawls lazily to one's feet, with wagging tail and glistening eyes, as if beseeching a caress. I don't know how it is, but I think we remember such matters afterwards, rather than notice them at the time.

All these things were just as usual, and our kind and worthy hosts as hospitable as ever. Their granddaughters were, as we expected, somewhat grown; but it was in Miss Newson and all that concerned her that a change was to be found! Although her colour rose on seeing us, I do not think that it was from any fear of being spoken to; on the contrary, she was kind in her inquiries, and seemed willing enough to enter into conversation. With this loss of timidity she had acquired ease, all that before was wanting to make her manners perfect. I wondered in my own mind how the change had been effected; for at forty years of age, and she must be that, it is seldom such an alteration takes place.

"Jane," said Miss Newson, to a servant, as we were about taking a stroll in the garden, "be kind enough to fetch my parasol." And Jane flew for it, bringing also a shawl, advising Miss Newson to wear one, as, "though it was warm in the sun, the wind was rather chilly." I could not but look on in wondering admiration. A year ago the silent, timid governess would as soon have thought of ordering out the carriage as sending a servant on such an errand. Yet,

after all, it was the maid's ready obedience which surprised me the most.

"That is Miss Newson's bell," said another servant an hour afterwards, while she was uncording a box for me—"if you please, ma'am, I will be back in a minute or two;" and though I had not too much time to dress for dinner, I was pleased as well as amused at the alacrity with which the summons of the governess was answered. I noticed, too, that at dinner old Watson offered to replenish Miss Newson's champagne-glass more often than any one's else; and that, in the drawing-room, the footman brought a stool for her feet, without her asking for it. Indeed, the general deference towards her—yet, that is scarcely the word; it is too cold to express the watchful kindness of the household—was so marked, that a visiter must have been blind not to perceive it. "There is a cause for all these effects," said I to myself, "and I cannot sleep till I find it out." It was decreed, however, that the mystery should explain itself.

On the drawing-room table I found a handsomely-bound volume of poems, whose title-page declared they were by Eliza Newson! I turned the leaves with no common curiosity, and found that, though they did not bear the stamp of high genius and originality, they were full of womanly tenderness and purity, and replete with true poetic feeling. My congratulations were made with hearty sincerity, and received by Miss Newson not without emotion. "Yes," said little Emily, with more pride, perhaps, than if they had

been her own, "she has made them all out of her own head; and some of them, do you know, are quite stories in rhyme. And, what do you think? I heard Watson the other day singing one of the songs to a tune he sometimes plays on the flute; and I know Jane has bought the book. Yes, indeed, Miss Newson, she has," continued the child, turning to the now blushing poetess.

This, then, was the secret of the servants' *hero worship*, and consequent deference to the so long slighted governess! this their acknowledgment of a superior being! to my mind both touching and significant in its truth. The accomplishments of music and painting, and the more solid acquirements which, if they had thought, they must have known were hers, had won from them no recognition. And why? Because custom, which does not acknowledge the merits of the governess, or her claims to more than ordinary respect, had blinded their minds to the facts. But directly they discovered (what was not really, though they thought it) her higher title to consideration, they made up for their past neglect with heart and soul. There was really, however, much in her little volume to please simple-hearted people; for her poems were chiefly of a domestic kind and of the affections. And few authors, I think, will deny, that the slightly informed are often excellent judges of such productions; and no wise ones, we think, will scorn their admiration.

The exercise of the principle of veneration is, except

in extreme cases of absurdity, one surely so healthy, that it always gladdens the heart to behold it. And, certainly, this instance of what is expressively called "hero worship," which has seemed to me worth repeating, was a source of unmingled pleasure, since it went very, very far towards placing an amiable, gifted, and, I fear, not very fortunate woman, in a true instead of a false position.

INDOLENCE.

INDOLENT ! indolent !—yes, I am indolent :

So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly—

So is the violet fragrant and lowly,

Drinking in quietness, peace, and content—

So is the bird on the light branches swinging,

Idly his carol of gratitude singing,

Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent ! indolent ! yes, I am indolent :

So is the cloud overhanging the mountain—

So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,

Uttering softly its elegant psalm—

Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,

Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,

But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent ! indolent !—yes, I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure.
Midnight and morning—by forest and sea—
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent ! indolent !—are ye not indolent,
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary—
Toiling with gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold—
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion—
Crushing the freshness of every emotion—
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold ?

Indolent ! indolent !—art thou not indolent,
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost ?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping ;
Art thou not indolent ?—Art thou not lost ?

A YEAR'S SPINNING.

He listened at the porch that day
To hear the wheel go on, and on,
And then it stopped—ran back away—
While through the door he brought the sun :
But now my spinning is all done.

He sat beside me, with an oath
That love ne'er ended once begun ;
I smiled—believing for us both,
What was the truth for only one.
And now my spinning is all done.

My mother cursed me that I heard—
A young man's wooing as I spun.
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,
For I have since a harder known !
And now my spinning is all done.

I thought—O God !—my first-born's cry
Both voices to my ear would drown.
I listened in mine agony—
It was the *silence* made me groan !
And now my spinning is all done.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave,
 Who cursed me on her death-bed lone,
 And my dead baby's—(God it save!—)
 Who not to bless me would not moan.
 And now my spinning is all done.

A stone upon my heart and head,
 But no name written on the stone!
 Sweet neighbours! whisper low instead,
 "This sinner was a loving one—
 And now her spinning is all done."

And let the door ajar remain,
 In case he should pass by anon;
 And leave the wheel out very plain,
 That HE, when passing in the sun,
 May see the spinning is all done.



THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

"The imaginative Irish of the lower orders believe and assert that music from Heaven is often heard by a peculiarly virtuous person when expiring."

The Death Flag.—By MISS CAWPER.

THE days of his life are well nigh spent.
 He lieth in patient meekness;
 And God hath his holy angels sent
 To comfort him in his weakness:

He doth not the mournful wailings hear
Of the weeping friends who love him,
He listeth with glad and earnest ear
To the music of Heaven above him !

Voices, sweet voices, in choral lay,
Are of loved and lost ones telling,
Who passed from a world of care away
To live in a brighter dwelling;
He knows that they wait his entrance there,
They are eager to greet and love him,
And the pangs of death he well may bear
With the music of Heaven above him !

Oh ! if we hope in the hour of death
For the angels' kind assistance,
Let us serve the Lord in humble faith,
Through the term of our brief existence ;
Leaving a precious and dear bequest
To the weeping friends who love us,
In the thought that we went to our final rest
With the music of Heaven above us !

WATCH.

WATCH!—watch where daylight's glow expires,
Beneath the royal City's spires,
Lest lawless hands should compass wrong,
And crush the weak beneath the strong.
Cheered by the silvery-glistening star,
Watch, where the Desert spreads afar.
At sea—where sweep man's floating towers—
Watch through the midnight's purple hours.
Watch ye beside the Conqueror's tent,
When the red battle-bow's unbent.

Watch!

But oh! watch most the *heart* within;
From *that* keep danger, strife, and sin;
Its portals guard from reckless Pride,
From red Ambition's thundering stride,
From venom'd Wrath and Falsehood vile,
And all the hideous train of Guile.
Watch!—drive Presumption from its gate;
Envy, with stealthy tread, and Hate;
And oh! dread Love's winged step—that oft
Brings storm and Death—though light and soft

Watch!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHEN we think of the women, who—not possessing a tithe of Joanna Baillie's creative fancy, nor a hundredth part of her power over the passions,—have appealed to their imaginations and to their sensibilities, in excuse for the flagrant and frantic errors in which they have rioted, we turn to the simple and pure life of the Scottish poetess, adorned by the practice of every duty, without the slightest accompaniment of self-assertion—as to a noble and holy vindication of Genius: an answer to those pretenders, who, possessing few of the gifts, claim, nevertheless, *all* the license. The word “womanly,” is repulsive if it be cited as a plea for inconsistency, as an excuse for frivolity, as a make-shift to gloss over disproportions, as a door to admit weaknesses. But the word has a speciality and a significance, if it be used to characterize something more gracious, and less gross, than is often possible to man—of necessity worn *coarse* in his intercourse with life, or his experience of trial. If we point to Joanna Baillie as a type of womanly genius, it neither means that she was weak nor imitative; but gentle, firm, and pure. As such, her name should be eminently dear to all women. That it has been cordially honoured by men, we had only the other day a new proof in the following sonnet, published among

the remains of Hartley Coleridge, just given forth by his brother :—

“Long ere my pulse with nascent life had beat
The ripe spring of thy early Paradise
With many a flower, and fruit, and hallowed spice,
Was fair to fancy and to feeling sweet.
Time, that is aye reproached, to be so fleet,
Because dear follies vanish in a trice,
Shall now be clean absolved by judgment nice,
Since his good speed made thee so soon complete.
But less I praise the bounty of old Time,
Lady revered, our island’s Tragic Queen,
For all achievements of thy hope and prime,
Than for the beauty of thy age serene,
That yet delights to weave the moral rhyme,
Nor fears what is, should dim what thou hast been.”

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

ONE Christmas night, an orphan child
Walked trembling through the snow ;
With sighs he marked the hurrying guests
Pass gayly to and fro.
With sighs he marked the many lights
Outshining far and nigh ;
The night was dark, and over all
There arched a starless sky.

He heard the sound of dancing feet—
He heard the music's strain ;
He saw the shadows flitting by
On many a window-pane ;
And presently the tapers beamed
From many a Christmas Tree—
"I wish," the child in anguish cried,
"A bough were dressed for me !"

So passed he up and down the street
Till guests began to part :
Poor boy ! Each kindly word they spoke
Breathed sorrow to his heart.
Each echo of their festal mirth
Called forth his tears like rain—
"I'll go," said he, "to yonder wood,
And pray to God again !"

He laid him down upon the snow—
The snow so soft and white—
And scarcely were his eyelids closed
When visions of delight,
Like sundawn beamed upon his soul—
"Dear child," an angel cries,
"Come quick with me, thy Christmas Tree
Is blooming 'in the skies !"

A WIFE.

ON the strength of a college friendship, my newly-married crony, Mark Thornton, asked me to spend the first month of the shooting season at his seat of Wellsmere Manor. I accepted the invitation, and my present sketch relates to circumstances which happened during the visit. I must premise that I mean to eschew all mention of single or double barrels, of pointers or spaniels, of wonderful shots, and, in short, of all that has reference to the ostensible purpose of my visit. I am not essentially of a sporting turn of mind; and there are so many of the story-writers of the present day who enter into the topic with such manifest gusto, that I think my readers will not regret my determination.

On my arrival, I found several guests already at the Manor House, and more came daily, until the dinner-table was slightly crowded, and the drawing-room presented a tolerable muster in the evening. There was no lack of sleeping-rooms, however. The upper story of the house was a perfect labyrinth, in which it was an every-day occurrence for some one or other of the guests to lose himself. Indeed, accidents of this kind happened so often, that my host seriously talked of having the doors numbered, as at an hotel; and it would have been a good plan.

I had not seen the bride before, but I liked her at once. She was one of those sparkling, fascinating little brunettes, who are always saying piquant things—or things which appear so from the way in which they are said. She was invariably good-humoured and agreeable with everybody; and beneath her brilliant and mobile exterior, there was a vein of true-knit feeling. A sister of hers, with her husband (who had been in the army, but had lately retired), was at Wellsmere. Between this sister and Mrs. Thornton there was the most complete contrast. I do not mean in person—though Mrs. Fairfax was the taller and finer woman of the two—but in manner. Mrs. Fairfax was as cold and constrained as her sister was volatile. At times she was perfectly repulsive. She was very beautiful: she had the most magnificent eyes I have ever seen—dark, shy, and wild; but there was an habitual expression in them which it would puzzle me to describe; I used to think they were like the eyes of a person whom some extraordinary grief has deprived of the power of shedding tears. Her husband was a most agreeable man, and a brilliant conversationist: whatever subject was started, he had always something to say exactly to the point, something which everybody else had been thinking, but which no one could have put into words. His wit was poignant and original. He seemed to have a power of touching some universal chord, which thrilled in every breast, and which answered instantaneously to his master-hand. He had a fine voice too, and sang

well. With these accomplishments, it may be supposed that he was a general favourite. Men and women liked him equally; and his fascination was so great, that he even escaped envy. He seemed to take a strong liking to me from the time of our introduction. He frankly asked me not to be an acquaintance, but a friend; and a day never passed but I spent a great part of it alone with him.

There was one circumstance which I soon discovered, and which before long became so evident to the general circle that it was a subject of constant remark—this was, that Mrs. Fairfax was never easy when her husband was out of her sight. She watched him so continually, that I believe the only time throughout the day that he was relieved from her incessant vigilance, was when the ladies left us after dinner for the drawing-room. I thought I could perceive that he was somewhat bored by his wife's constant surveillance; but he endured it all with exemplary patience, and I never heard him give her one angry or peevish word. I was at a loss to what to ascribe Mrs. Fairfax's watchfulness; but I at length set it down to jealousy, the more especially as there was a young lady in our company who could not exist save in an atmosphere of flirtation, and who, when single gentlemen were not in the way, would coquet most charmingly with married men.

Mrs. Thornton would often jest with her on the subject; but although she joined in the laugh, the mention of this peculiarity seemed always to make her

nervous and uncomfortable, and she invariably disclaimed any knowledge of watching her husband.

I think it was about a week after my arrival, when one morning at the breakfast-table Fairfax declared his resolution of joining the shooting party that day. He had never been out with us before—somewhat to my surprise; for I had gathered from his conversation that he was an experienced sportsman. As he made the announcement, my eyes were unconsciously directed towards his wife. She turned deadly pale, and for a moment I thought she would have fainted. No one observed her change of countenance except myself; and her face so soon resumed its ordinary hue and expression, that I did not think much of the circumstance. After a moment or two, she said, addressing her husband, “Reginald, I want you to ride with me to-day.” He replied abruptly that he could not, for he had just completed arrangements for joining the sportsmen that morning. There the matter dropped until breakfast was over; and the lady’s demeanour remained as cold and impassive as usual.

We had risen from the table, and I was standing looking from the window, when I was suddenly startled by an exclamation uttered with so much intensity, that I hurried hastily round. At a little distance Mrs. Fairfax was standing with her husband. She wrung both his hands in hers as she said, “For God’s sake, Reginald, do not go!” There was such an agony of supplication in the tones, that I was startled out of all propriety, and remained gazing on the pair till

Fairfax perceived me. With his customary adroitness he addressed me at once, and, in a strain of lively badinage, begged me to assist in allaying his wife's fears. She had, he said, an invincible antipathy to gunpowder—in fact, that it was this very antipathy of hers which had caused him to sell out of the army. She also turned to me, and confessed, with a wan, painful smile, that she had an absolute dread of fire-arms. I do not know why, but I felt excessively uncomfortable; I could not believe that those tones of intense agony could spring from the mere pretty affected fear of a woman. However, her supplication had no effect on her husband: he joined the party of sportsmen, and during the whole morning—I being one of the number—he was almost constantly at my side. He was more amusing than ever: he kept up a continual flow of brilliant conversation, replete with bon-mot and anecdote; and at our pic-nic luncheon his sallies were so irresistible, that the merriment of our party became almost uproarious, and even the stolid gamekeeper's boy relaxed into a broad grin. As to his morning's work, it was something wonderful: were I to reckon up the amount of game which he bagged, it would be considered incredible.

We returned to the Manor House to a late dinner—all of us, except him, more or less fatigued; but he was more lively than usual. Mrs. Fairfax, that evening, for once aroused herself into sociality. I talked with her for some time, and was surprised to find that she could be agreeable. She had much of

the vivacity of her sister, though it appeared slightly forced; and there was a pervading tone of bitterness in her style of thought, which betrayed itself in a quick reply or a sudden repartee. It seemed to me that she wished to remove any impression which the incident of the morning might have left upon my mind. She did not, however, succeed: the thrilling tone of her voice, the wringing of her husband's hands, her whole attitude, haunted me; and I was before long an unintentional witness of another scene which indelibly enfixed both itself and the former one upon my memory.

I have said that the upper part of the Manor House was of a most rambling and labyrinthine description. My chamber was situated in a long narrow gallery which communicated with the chief flight of stairs through four if not five tortuous passages. I had hitherto managed to thread these mazes with tolerable accuracy, and, to say truth, rather plumed myself on my knowledge of localities, when one forenoon, having occasion to seek my room for some article or other which I wanted, I did not take time enough to consider my plan of operations, and suddenly became aware of the unpleasant fact that I was lost. After wandering blindly for some moments in the strangest places which the imagination of man can conceive, I emerged into a gallery which was the counterpart of that in which my room was situated. There was one door which bore exactly the features of my own, and which I at once proceeded to, and opened. The first object

which caught my sight was Mrs. Fairfax, kneeling by the bedside, her hands clasped, her pale face upturned, her dry-strained eyes full of an expression of the most unutterable agony. She was as still and as silent as marble. The whole figure betrayed the most total abandonment to despair. I caught but a single glimpse of her before I retired, and yet to this day I have a more vivid remembrance of that upturned face than of anything which I have seen through my whole life. By some means I found my way to my own room, and I stayed there for some time before I descended. When I re-entered the drawing-room, I found Mrs. Fairfax seated at her embroidery, with her usual cold, constrained demeanour. It was evident she had not noticed my entrance into her chamber, and it need scarcely be said that I offered no apologies. I saw plainly that there was some mystery about the lady which I racked my brain vainly to discover.

The circumstances I have related so worked upon my imagination, that I became nervous and uneasy, until I seemed to be under some horrible fascination. I was seated one evening *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Thornton (we had now, perhaps through my long friendship with her husband, become great friends), when she said, "I cannot think what is the matter with Clara." She alluded to her sister, who was sitting alone at some distance, gazing at her husband, who stood talking to a lady more in our neighbourhood. "Have you observed anything peculiar in her manner?" she

continued. I was at a loss how to answer; so, as is not unusual, I believe, on such occasions, I descended to a compliment, and murmured, "All ladies cannot be Lady Adelines; there must be some Aurora Haly's, if only for the contrast." She went on with the topic, and I found that she was really uneasy about her sister. She said she was so different to what she had ever been before; that she used to be as mobile and vivacious as she was now cold and impassive. She seemed anxious to know whether I had observed any peculiarity about Mrs. Fairfax, hoping, I thought, to find that there was nothing strange in her sister to one who had not known her before, although the change was sufficiently evident to herself. I answered vaguely; but I think she perceived that I was uneasy on the subject, and that I did not speak what I thought. During our conversation, Mr. Fairfax had joined us unobserved. With anxiety depicted on his face, he came and seated himself between us, saying with a sorrowful smile, "You must admit me into your consultation. I think that I am at least as much interested in it as you." Then turning to Mrs. Thornton, he frankly owned that he had overheard part of what we had been saying. I arose, that I might leave them together; but he laid his hand upon my arm, and begged me to resume my seat. "I can trust my friend," he said, "even on so delicate a topic as this." He went on to say, that the melancholy of his wife was a subject of much concern to himself, and that he was glad of the opportunity of

opening his heart to those who could feel with him. All that he said I cannot now remember; but, notwithstanding he emphatically declared that he believed she was suffering from nothing but nervous debility, he left a strong impression on my mind that Mrs. Fairfax was deranged. Questionable as might be the delicacy of entering on such a subject before a comparative stranger like myself, yet there was so much true manly feeling in all he uttered, and his face betrayed so earnest a sorrow, that I felt nothing but commiseration and respect. He concluded by saying that he was convinced his wife required further change of scene, and declared his sudden resolution of starting the next day for the Continent.

The next day he and his wife departed; and as it is only of them that I write, I will chronicle none of the events which happened during the remainder of my stay at Wellesmere Manor.

* * * * *

About three years after, I received a communication from Thornton, which elucidated all the mysteries that had made me so uncomfortable. He told me that Mr. Fairfax—the brilliant, the gay, the agreeable—was immured in a private lunatic asylum, and was raving mad. He told me, too, what his heroic wife had at length confessed—how, knowing his terrible malady, she had, for years, lived on, expecting hourly some appalling tragedy, and with a superhuman strength of purpose had kept her dreadful secret to the last. It was not she who made the disclosure. By a

frantic attempt on his own life, he revealed what he so successfully laboured to hide for so long.

I do not mean to deny the terrible risk, both as to herself and all others, which Mrs. Fairfax incurred; but still I cannot help admiring so determined a heroism. Many woman have performed great deeds of valour on the impulse of the moment; but in very few will you find anything approaching to the calm endurance and quiet fortitude of Mrs. Fairfax.

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

Written for a Monument to two English Children in the Protestant Burial Ground at Rome.

Two Pilgrims for the Holy Land
Have left our lonely door,
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight,
Through floods of drowning tears;
And felt in woe's bewildering night
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
Which called them both to God.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE time was when a name was everything. In England, for centuries after the Norman Conquest, the rich and powerful could be recognised by the name alone; for the members of that class were universally of foreign descent, and generally bore names of Norman origin. Bohun, Courtnay, Arundel, and De La Pole, betrayed a French extraction as plainly as Hereward, Godwin, and Siward told of Saxon blood and a debased condition.

But time has changed all this. Even in England a Norman name is not always a test of lofty birth, while names of Saxon derivation figure again among the titled, the wealthy, and the great. In our country, the fusion is even more complete;—a republic, indeed, is a sad leveller of names. It is no rare occurrence to read, on some humble sign-board, a name that crossed to England in the time of the Conqueror. We have had our horse rubbed down by ostlers with names of knightly lineage; our shoes mended by cobblers with names once borne by nobles; and anthracite stowed in our cellar by coal-heavers, answering to names that appear conspicuously in Domesday Book, and stand foremost on the roll of Battle Abbey. Alas! for the degradation of names. Well may we ask "What's in a name?"

And yet, even in our day, a name has one advantage, for it reveals a person's race, if nothing else. We know that Smith is a Saxon, and that his ancestor, in some remote day, hammered hot iron, whatever airs he may take on himself now, or however grand are his present connexions. We know as indubitably that Fitzroy's progenitor was the son of a king, if that is any credit to him, and yet Fitzroy may now be digging cellars for a livelihood, driving a cart, or keeping a grog-shop. A Neville may be a clergyman and republican now, but his forefathers, or his name belies him, were knights and aristocrats once. The De Lisle, who bakes bread for us, may be some landless baker of the nineteenth century, but his great-great-grandfather, a dozen removes off, was most unquestionably a titled proprietor, with rights of advowson, fishery, mining, court-manorial, and perhaps of forestry. No one can persuade us that Stephenson is from the south of England, when his name reveals that his ancestor was some Scandinavian who settled north of the Humber; or that Owen is a Londoner, when his name betrays he is Welsh; or that O'Connor is a Saxon when he carries his Celtic origin in his name; or that Mac Ivor is a true Irishman when the Gael thrusts itself forward, in like manner, in the name. Intermarriage, among his ancestors, with other races, may even have obliterated every vestige of the great ancestral type; yet still we know his progenitor to have been a shaven Norman, a beer-imbibing Saxon, a piratical Dane, or a breechless Highlander, by that unmistakeable thing,

a name. Thus, there is meaning, after all, in the question, "What's in a name?"

Still more. There are names that tell of princely or other notable origin, as others betray the degradation of serfdom or disgrace. Cadwalader, or the chief of the Druids, is a royal name to all who understand the derivation or love the ancient race of Britain. But the name of Hind, be it borne by whom it may, merchant or mendicant, congressman or convict, betrays that, at one time, its owner was a villein purchaseable with the soil. Clark may be some illiterate oysterman now, but his ancestor once knew how to read and write, as we learn by his name, and at a time, too, when the accomplishment was a rarity. But Craven, though he may be as bold as a lion, cannot conceal from us that his distant progenitor was a coward, and gained his surname, perhaps, by running away at Crecy or Poitiers, Agincourt or Bannockburn. And so through the whole catalogue of names to be found in the Directory. We have often amused ourselves at a fashionable party, by standing in a quiet corner, and, as the name of each newcomer was announced, speculating on its origin, and, in fancy, calling up the figure of the ancestor from whom it sprung. In these vagaries of the imagination we have beheld satin or brocade give way to linsey-woolsey; and jewels on rounded arms to manacles on the ankle of a galley-slave.

To speculate thus on names affords, indeed, a wholesome moral lesson. It forces upon us the mutability of fortune. It teaches us that families have their rise

and fall like nations. It makes the proudest humble in regard to his blood, since, from seeing the degradation of others, he learns that his descendants may become miserable, poor, or disgraced also. Even the Norman names, which perhaps he venerates in spite of his republicanism, his Saxon origin, and common sense, he perceives, when he comes to analyze them, were but those of peasants, perhaps, in their own country, and became aristocratic in England, only through a stupendous territorial robbery ; while the plainer name, which he secretly despises for its plebeian derivation, bears, in that evident origin, proof of its having been given for skill in some useful art or for perfection in intellectual labour.

THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

THE Voices of the Past ! how like
Sweet solemn music do they fill
The heart's lone depth ! Strange chords they strike,
That through our inmost being thrill ;
Making a harmony that hath no end,
And doth for ever with the Present blend.

The Voices of the Past are here !
That from the shadow-land arise,
Telling in accents soft and clear
Of human hopes and destinies.

They come and pass, as doth the summer cloud,
Folded in sunshine as a golden shroud.

The Voices of the Past! they sound
Glad childish laughter in our ears,
Bringing back joyous tones, that found
Too soon, alas! the need of tears.
Where are ye now, ye happy ones? ah! where?
Earth holds ye not—ye were too bright, too fair.

The Voices of the Past! ye twine
Around the things that *are*, and cling
With loving energy, with power divine
To waken thoughts all glad, and bring
Joy to the stricken heart, as when of old
Youth had no sorrowing memories to unfold

The Voices of the Past! not all
Are gladsome in their by-gone tone:
Some with a sighing whisper fall
Upon the spirit, sad and lone,
Evoking spectres that tell not of joy,
But, with deep harrowing memories, destroy.

Others, like winged angels, wait
Around us with a guarding voice,
Shielding what might be hapless fate,
And bidding hopeless hearts rejoice;
The Future borrowing the pallid light
Of Memory's Past—Day growing out of Night!

Oh! be ye evermore *glad* sounds,
To waken Hope within the heart—
The sweetness breathing from the wounds
Of broken flowers, the echoed part
Of long-remembered melodies, whose power
Hallows the Past, and soothes the Present hour.



GEMS FROM SIMMS.

THERE is a secret drawer containing valuables in every human heart, if we only knew how to touch the spring.

Strengthen your body with exercise, and your mind with wisdom; thus you will be able to execute your plans, and will know how to act in a manner advantageous to yourself.

The first lesson which you should teach your child is the value of your affections. Let him see that these are to be won only on certain conditions, and that his chief good is in their acquisition. Bestow them only according to his deserts; and by this simple rule you may teach him the not always obvious distinction between right and wrong.

OCTOBER.

THERE is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. * * * * *
Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky! * * *

PREPARATIONS FOR COMPANY.

A HOSTESS who wishes that her friends should enjoy their dinner, and that she also should enjoy it with them, must see that all is ready and at hand *before* her guests arrive. If her servants are well trained, and accustomed to do things regularly *when* there is *no* company, there will be little difficulty when there *is*; and if there is that pleasant understanding between the head and the hands of the household which should always exist, any casual mistake will easily be rectified; an accident itself will occasion more fun than fuss; and although no host and hostess should feel as unconcerned or indifferent at their own table as elsewhere, the duty of seeing that nobody wants anything will be manifestly a pleasant one, whilst the simple cordiality, which delights in good appetites and cheerful countenances, and the domestic order which is evidently, but unostentatiously, the presiding genius of the family, will go far to enhance the flavour of the simplest fare. Who would not prefer one or two plain popular dishes, hot, well cooked, and served with their proper appurtenances, to a number of so-called *made dishes*, unsuitable to the condition of the cooks of those who offer them, and *tasting strongly of the labour and sorrow* with which they were concocted and served up, but of *very little else*.

THE MAY-BRIDE.

(OLD ENGLISH.)

WHY is the terrace so early alive;
Grooms in a panic, and bower-maidens weeping,
Guests coming crowding like bees in a hive,
To the blue chamber where no one is sleeping?
Loud down the corridor passes a cry,
Startling the friar his early mass saying,
“*Where is fair Ellen?*”—A voice doth reply
“*Down the elm avenue she’s gone a-Maying—
Only a-Maying!*”

Pale is my Lady and wrings her proud hands,
Speechless and stern, ’mid a tear and a tremble
Red is the Baron, and shouts where he stands,
Bidding the steward his pages assemble.
All but dark Gylbyn, the gipsy, are there;
Each one hath tales of his craft in betraying:
“*Search for him!—Scourge him!*”—but what doth
he care?
*Down the elm avenue he’s gone a-Maying—
Only a-Maying!*

Weep, haughty mother,—the fault is your own!
Gladly to Age’s embrace had you brought her.
Silence, loud father!—can brawlings atone
For a life’s tyranny heaped on your daughter?

Blithe in her forest retreat will she be,
Spite of rude shelter and russet arraying,
Blessing the morn when she found herself free,
Down the elm avenue going a-Maying—
Only a-Maying!

A LOVE-SONG.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE the river is flowing soft wood-banks between,
And the hawthorn-tree snowing its buds on the green,
Who waits me, with dew-drops that glance in her
hair?
—'Tis May, the blooming May!—but my Lady's
more fair!

She is lighter of foot than the merle on its wing,
She has youth on her cheek that outrivals the Spring;
Come forth to the greenwood, for Beauty is there:
—'Tis May, the golden May!—but my Lady's more
fair!

Never tell me of Prudence than Winter more cold;
Never tell me that Gladness can ever grow old;
I'll enjoy my heart's spring-time, unclouded by care.
—'Tis May, the joyous May!—but my Lady's more

WEANNIE JEAN.

"UP, up, weannie Jean!" quoth my mither to me,
"The burnie glints brightly, an' green is the tree;
Ilka lass will be prankit fu' fairly the morn,
An' the May-dancers foot it aneath the white thorn;
Hie awa' wi' thy Willie; look blithsome an' braw;
Grey haffits come fast when the spring-time's awa'!"

But e'en as she speakit my tears 'gan to drap,
Like the driftin' o' snaws in the mid-winter's lap;
An' out spak my puir heart, sae grusam an' sair—
"Oh! ne'er to his Jean shall my Willie come mair
For the kirk-yard is eerie, an' blank the kirk-wa',
Where their lane by Dumfermline his banes lie awa'."

"Hout awa', weannie Jean!" quoth my mither ance
mair,
"The simmer comes quickly when birds 'gin to pair;
New love is as gude as the love that is auld,
An' warm love is better than love that is cauld.
Guid safe the puir lass wha, when winter draws near,
Has nae bairns to cling roun' her, nor gudeman to
cheer!"

Wae—wae was my saul! I ne'er answered again,
But I thought, "I'll hae Willie,—dead lover, or
nane!"

Næ bairns shall cling roun' me, næ gudeman shall
cheer,
Sin' my heart wi' my Willie lies cauld on his bier;
For the kirk-yard is eerie, an' blank the kirk-wa',
Where their lane by Dumfermline his banes waste
awa'.

ISBEL LUCAS:

A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about £300, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She

had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever; and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about; she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good

looks, if there was good sense; and, indeed, a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crag. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press, Mr. Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs. Fordyne was

sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt, this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself, that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sank into her chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and

boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a "warning;" yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicions, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr. Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above £400; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whiskey, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to

the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly £1000, which he said he would probably spend upon whiskey before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotch-woman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time? "Why do you ask that question?" inquired Isbel. "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr. Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the

streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself, that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first, the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from

her; but this subject he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring *you* with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the

side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclasped penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution, she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse, peasant-

like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isbel lay at the window inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew

his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steamboat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned in a few days to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

The moral of this story—and it is a real one—is,

that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts when they reach the peculiarly tender and susceptible age of *forty-two*.

ARRIVAL AT A TURKISH CITY.

WE soon neared the southern bank of the river, but no sounds came down from the blank walls above, and there was no living thing that we could yet see, except one great hovering bird of the vulture race, flying low, and intent, and wheeling round and round over the pest-accursed city.

But presently there issued from the postern a group of human beings—beings with immortal souls, and possibly some reasoning faculties—but to me the grand point was this, that they had real, substantial, and incontrovertible turbans; they made for the point towards which we were steering, and when at last I sprang upon the shore, I heard and saw myself now first surrounded by men of Asiatic race. I have since ridden through the land of the Osmanlees, from the Servian Border to the Golden Horn—from the gulf of Satalieh to the tomb of Achilles; but never have I seen such ultra-Turkish-looking fellows as those who received me on the banks of the Save; they were men in the humblest order of life, having come to meet our boat in the hope of earning something by carrying

our luggage up to the city; but poor though they were, it was plain that they were Turks of the proud old school, and had not yet forgotten the fierce, careless bearing of the once victorious Ottomans.

Though the province of Servia generally has obtained a kind of independence, yet Belgrade, as being a place of strength on the frontier, is still garrisoned by Turkish troops, under the command of a pasha. Whether the fellows who now surrounded us were soldiers or peaceful inhabitants I did not understand; they wore the old Turkish costume—vests and jackets of many and brilliant colours, divided from the loose petticoat-trowsers by masses of shawl, which were folded in heavy volumes around their waists, so as to give the meagre wearers something of the dignity of true corpulence. The shawl enclosed a whole bundle of weapons; no man bore less than one brace of immensely long pistols, and a yataghan (or cutlass), with a dagger or two, of various shapes and sizes; most of these arms were inlaid with silver and highly burnished, so that they contrasted shiningly with the decayed grandeur of the garments to which they were attached (this carefulness of his arms is a point of honour with the Osmanlee, who never allows his bright yataghan to suffer from his own adversity); then the long drooping mustachios, and the ample folds of the once white turbans that lowered over the piercing eyes, and the haggard features of the men, gave them an air of gloomy pride, and that appearance of trying to be disdainful under difficulties, which

I have since seen so often in those of the Ottoman people who live and remember old times ; they seemed as if they were thinking that they would have been more usefully, more honourably, and more piously employed in cutting our throats than in carrying our portmanteaus. The faithful Steel [a Yorkshire servant] stood aghast for a moment at the sight of his master's luggage upon the shoulders of these warlike porters ; and when at last we began to move up, he could scarcely avoid turning round to cast one affectionate look towards Christendom—but quickly again he marched on with the steps of a man not frightened exactly, but sternly prepared for death, or the Koran, or even for plural wives.

The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate ; you go up and down, and on over shelving and hillocky paths, through the narrow lanes walled in by blank windowless dwellings ; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left ; you pass by a mountain of cast-away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead ; storks, or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you ; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the bazaar) with the dry dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you

would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot ;
but the foot falls noiseless upon the crumbling soil of
an Eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again
and again you meet turbans and faces of men, but
they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder
—no wrath—no scorn—they look upon you as we do
upon a December's fall of snow—as a “seasonable,”
unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may
have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed
hereafter.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

I.

SPIRIT, whose dominion reigns
Over Music's thrilling strains,
Whence may be thy distant birth?
Say what tempted thee to earth?

Mortal, listen! I was born
In Creation's early years,
Singing, 'mid the stars of morn,
To the music of the spheres.

Once, as within the realms of space,
I viewed this mortal planet roll,
A yearning toward thy hapless race,
Unbidden, filled my seraph soul!

Angels, who had watched my birth,
Heard me sigh to sing to earth ;
'Twas transgression ne'er forgiven
To forget my native Heaven ;
So, they sternly bade me go—
Banished to the world below !

II.

Exiled here, I knew no fears ;
For, though darkness round me clung,
Though none heard me in the spheres,
Earth had list'ners while I sung.

Young spirits of the Spring-sweet breeze
Came thronging round me, soft and coy ;
Light Wood-nymphs sported in the trees.
And laughing Echo leapt for joy !

Brooding Woe and writhing Pain
Softened at my gentle strain ;
Bounding Joy, with footstep fleet,
Ran to nestle at my feet ;
While aroused delighted Love
Softly kissed me from above.

III.

Since those years of early time,
Faithful still to earth I 've sung ;
Flying through each distant clime,
Ever welcome, ever young !

Still pleased, my solace I impart,
Where brightest hopes are scattered dead;
'Tis mine—sweet gift!—to charm the heart,
Though all its other joys are fled!

Time, that withers all beside,
Harmless past me loves to glide;
Change, that mortals must obey,
Ne'er shall shake my gentle sway:
Still, 'tis mine all hearts to move,
In eternity of love!

A TURKISH LADY.

PERHAPS as you make your difficult way through a steep and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough—but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labour and effort with which she tugs and lifts the burthen of her charms. She is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing

except the dark luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this, which so dizzies your brain, is not the light changeful grace which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard downright outlines, and in the glow of generous colour. There is fire though too—high courage and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely-parted lips.

INTERVIEW WITH A TURKISH PASHA.

SOME people had come down to meet us with an invitation from the Pasha, and we wound our way up to the castle. At the gates there were groups of soldiers, some smoking, and some lying flat like corpses upon the cool stones. We went through courts, ascended steps, passed along a corridor, and walked

into an airy, white-washed room, with a European clock at one end of it, and Moostapha Pasha at the other. The fine old bearded potentate looked very like Jove—like Jove, too, in the midst of his clouds, for the silvery fumes of the narguilè hung lightly circling round him.

The Pasha received us with the smooth, kind, gentle manner that belongs to well-bred Osmanlees; then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves; a syllable dropped from his lips which bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts. Their coming and their going was thus swift and quiet because their feet were bare, and they passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a purder. Soon the coffee-bearers appeared, every man carrying separately his tiny cup in a small metal stand; and presently to each of us there came a pipe-bearer, who first rested the bowl of the tchibouque at a measured distance on the floor, and then on this axis wheeled round the long cherry-stick, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee. Already the well kindled fire was glowing secure in the bowl, and so, when I pressed the amber lip to mine, there was no coyness to conquer: the willing fume came up, and answered my slightest sigh, and followed softly every breath inspired, till it touched me with some faint sense and understanding of Asiatic contentment.

Asiatic contentment! Yet scarcely, perhaps, one

hour before, I had been wanting my bill, and ringing for waiters in a shrill and busy hotel.

In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan; and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes, it results that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry are official personages; and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well undulating tones, which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or dragoman, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that "the Pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable know-

ledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman (to the traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland. Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghqlookoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord

Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman—[is silent].

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal).—The friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your highness that in England the talking-houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions

has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the *Dragoman*).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudecombe, observes to your highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures: just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth; and by the side of their swords, the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—The Pasha is right about the cutlery. (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy; but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have

nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies. Do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip.

Pasha (after hearing the *Dragoman*).—Through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers.

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (standing up on his Divan).—Proud are the sires and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him; and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

SKETCH OF A HAREM.

BEHIND the veil, where depth is traced
 By many a complicated line,—
 Behind the lattice closely laced
 With filigree of choice design,—
 Behind the lofty garden wall,
 Where stranger face can ne'er surprise,—
 That inner world her all-in-all,
 The Eastern woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
 The narrow circle where she rests;
 His will the single perfect law,
 That scarce with choice her mind molests;
 Their birth and tutelage the ground
 And meaning of her life on earth—
 She knows not elsewhere could be found
 The measure of a woman's worth.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
 Above the scent of lemon groves,
 Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
 And birds make music to their loves,—
 She lives a kind of fairy life,
 In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
 Unconscious of the outer strife
 That wears the palpitating hours.

THE MODERN GREEKS.

IF I could venture to rely (which I feel that I cannot at all do) upon my own observation, I should tell you that there was more heartiness and strength in the Greeks of the Ottoman Empire than in those of the new kingdom. The truth is, that there is a greater field for commercial enterprise, and even for Greek ambitions under the Ottoman sceptre, than is to be found in the dominions of Otho. Indeed the people, by their frequent migrations from the limits of the constitutional kingdom to the territories of the Porte, seem to show that, on the whole, they prefer "groaning under the Turkish yoke," to the honour of "being the only true source of legitimate power" in their own land.

For myself, I love the race; in spite of all their vices, and even in spite of all their meannesses, I remember the blood that is in them, and still love the Greeks. The Osmanlees are, of course, by nature, by religion, and by politics, the strong foes of the Hellenic people; and as the Greeks, poor fellows! happen to be a little deficient in some of the virtues which facilitate the transaction of commercial business (such as veracity, fidelity, &c.), it naturally follows that they are highly unpopular with the European merchants. Now, these are the persons through whom,

either directly or indirectly, is derived the greater part of the information which you gather in the Levant, and therefore you must make up your mind to hear an almost universal and unbroken testimony against the character of the people whose ancestors invented Virtue.

The Greek Church has animated the Muscovite peasant, and inspired him with hopes and ideas, which, however humble, are still better than none at all; but the faith, and the forms, and the strange ecclesiastical literature which act so advantageously upon the mere clay of the Russian serf, seem to hang like lead upon the ethereal spirit of the Greeks. Never, in any part of the world, have I seen religious performances so painful to witness as those of the Greeks. The horror, however, with which one shudders at their worship, is attributable, in some measure, to the mere effect of costume. In all the Ottoman dominions, and very frequently, too, in the kingdom of Otho, the Greeks wear turbans, or other head-dresses, and shave their heads, leaving only a rat's-tail at the crown of the head; they of course keep themselves covered within doors, as well as abroad, and never remove their head-gear merely on account of being in a church; but when the Greek stops to worship at his proper shrine, then, and then only, he always uncovers; and as you see him then, with shaven skull, and savage tail depending from his crown, kissing a thing of wood and glass, and cringing with tears, prostrations, and apparent terror

before a miserable picture, you see superstition in a shape which, outwardly at least, looks sadly abject and repulsive.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

WAKE not, oh mother! sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, oh widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation!
Strong is the word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping o'er him,
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners, who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
"Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping!
Young man arise!" He spake and was obeyed.

Change then, oh sad one, grief to exultation!
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee,
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation!
Strong was the word of God to succour thee.

LINES BY AN EMINENT STATESMAN.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized so well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those that shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies ;
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, and voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead."

And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died.
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.



THE DANSEUSE.

— SHE curtsies, gazing round.
Who would not spend a fortune on her smile:
How curved the stately form prepared to bound,
With footfall echoing to the music's sound,
In the Cachucha's proud triumphant pace!
What soft temptation in her look is found
When the gay Tarantalla's wilder grace
Wakes all the impassioned glow that lights her Southern face!

And now, a peasant girl, abashed she stands :
How pretty and how timid are her eyes :
How gracefully she clasps her small fair hands—
How acts her part of shy and sweet surprise :
How earnest is her love without disguise !
How piteously, when from that dream awaking
She finds him false on whom her faith relies,
All the arch mirth those features fair forsaking,
She hides her face and sobs as though her heart were
breaking !

A Sylphide now, among her bower of roses,
Or, by lone reeds, a Lake's enamoured fairy,
Her lovely limbs to slumber she composes,
Or flies aloft, with gestures soft and airy
Still on her guard when seeming most unwary,
Scarce seen, before the small feet twinkle past,
Haunting, and yet of love's caresses chary—
Her maddened lover follows vainly fast,—
While still the perfect step seems that she danced the
last !

Poor Child of Pleasure ! thou art young and fair,
And youth and beauty are enchanting things :
But hie thee home, bewitching Bayadère,
Strip off thy glittering armlets, pearls, and rings,
Thy peasant boddice, and thy Sylphide wings :
Grow old and starve : require true Christian aid :
And learn, when real distress thy bosom wrings,
For whom was all that costly outlay made :
For SELF, and not for thee, the golden ore was paid !

GREEK WOMEN.

As you move through the narrow streets of Smyrna says the author of *Eothen*, at the time of the festival, the transom-shaped windows suspended over your head on either side are filled with the beautiful descendants of the old Ionian race ; all (even yonder empress that sits throned at the window of that humblest mud cottage) are attired with seeming magnificence ; their classic heads are crowned with scarlet, and loaded with jewels, or coins of gold—the whole wealth of the wearers ;—their features are touched with a savage pencil, which hardens the outline of eyes and eye-brows, and lends an unnatural fire to the stern, grave looks, with which they pierce your brain. Endure their fiery eyes as best you may, and ride on slowly and reverently, for facing you from the side of the transom, that looks longwise through the street, you see the one glorious shape transcendent in its beauty ; you see the massive braid of hair as it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface—and the broad, calm, angry brow—the large black eyes, deep set, and self-relying like the eyes of a conqueror, with their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them—you see the thin fiery nostril, and the bold line of the chin and throat disclosing all the fierceness, and all the pride, passion, and power that can live along with the rare womanly beauty of those sweetly turned lips. But then there is a terrible

stillness in this breathing image; it seems like the stillness of a savage that sits intent and brooding, day by day, upon some one fearful scheme of vengeance, but yet more like it seems to the stillness of an immortal whose will must be known and obeyed without sign or speech. Bow down! Bow down, and adore the young Persephone, transcendent queen of shades.

THE MISSION OF THE TEAR.

I.

THE skies were its birthplace—the TEAR was the child

Of the dark maiden SORROW, by young JOY beguiled;
It was born in convulsion; 'twas nurtured in woe;
And the world was yet young when it wandered below.

II.

No angel-bright guardians watched over its birth,
Ere yet it was suffered to roam upon earth;
No spirits of gladness its soft form caressed;
SIGNS mourned round its cradle, and hushed it to rest.

III.

Though JOY might endeavour, with kisses and wiles,
To lure it away to his household of smiles;

From the daylight he lived in it turned in affright,
To nestle with SORROW in climates of night.

IV.

When it came upon earth, 'twas to choose a career,
The brightest and best that is left to a TEAR;
To hallow delight, and bestow the relief
Denied by despair to the fullness of grief.

V.

Few repelled it—some blessed it—wherever it came;
Whether softening their sorrow, or soothing their
 shame;
And the joyful themselves, though its name they
 might fear,
Oft welcomed the calming approach of the TEAR!

VI.

Years on years have worn onward, as—watched from
 above—
Speeds that meek spirit yet on its labour of love;
Still the exile of Heaven, it ne'er shall away;
Every heart has a home for it, roam where it may!

FATE OF THE PROUD MAN.

Room for the proud ! ye sons of clay,
From far his sweeping pomp survey,
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way
His chariot wheels before.

Lo ! with what scorn his lofty eye
Glances o'er age and poverty,
And, bids intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door.

Room for the proud ! but slow the feet
That bear his coffin down the street :
And dismal seems his winding-sheet
Who purple lately wore.

Ah, where must now his spirit fly
In naked trembling agony ?
Or how shall he for mercy cry,
Who showed it not before ?

Room for the proud ! in ghastly state
The lords of hell his coming wait ;
And, flinging wide the dreadful gate
That shuts to ope no more.

"Lo here with us the seat," they cry,
"For him who mocked at poverty
And bade intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door."

JOURNEYING IN THE DESERT.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yielding nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug; and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while,

and for a long while, you see him no more—for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory; but you know where he strides over head by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken; but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache; and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

THE NUN.

'Tis over ; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas, to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death ;
Her's never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'Tis over ; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day ;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discerned,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the gray habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chant
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out how holily,

The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dross ;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her, saying, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world!" when all was changed,
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veiled in her veil, crowned with her silver crown,
Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
('Twas in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity!

Like a dream the whole is fled;
And they, that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, TERESA. Yet, among them all,
None were so formed to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
A curtain, blacker than the night is dropped

For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasures of thy Youth?
As nothing!

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
How is it beating! Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

THE TROUSSEAU.

THE *Trousseau*! That word has ensnared more persons to extravagance and ostentation than it is, I fancy, possible to conceive. Formerly, ladies, in a private, sober, discreet way, when all was quite settled, set about collecting for themselves a respectable, serviceable wardrobe—dozens of body linen, and all the useful articles were first thought of. The things were given out to be made under a promise of secrecy; in the country a mystery was always made on such points. The rich had their dresses from London; those of humbler fortunes, merely one or two, by way of a pattern. But now! the affair of a *trousseau* is like the opening of Parliament. “Who is to have her *trousseau*?” is the first question asked on hearing of a young lady’s engagement, if she be at all in the higher ranks. The notion of publicity tends, of course, to display, rather than to utility. An enormous expense is often incurred. How many articles are ordered which are of little service afterwards! How the seductive tongues of those ministers of evil, the dress-makers, betray to ruin! Upon how foolish, and even dangerous, a principle the *trousseau* is formed! I say *dangerous*; for it is dangerous to suggest to a young person notions of luxury and sources of extravagance just as she is entering upon new duties, and engaging in new responsibilities. It is dangerous to inculcate ostentation at

that very period of existence when the mind ought to be chastened and elevated. It *is* dangerous to nourish selfishness, just at that epoch when that quality is most particularly inconvenient, and when all that is selfish in a woman's nature ought, assuredly, to be crushed, if it cannot be eradicated.

In conclaves of dress-makers and ladies' maids, many of the hours which succeed the realization of an engagement are passed. Then, if there are to be settlements, there is another snare to the young heart. The notion of a separate interest, of getting all she can, is necessarily suggested, although, by a generous mind, it must be repelled. Between the demands of the wardrobe, the consultations of friends, and, perhaps, the necessity of somewhat advising upon the furnishing of a house, or the choice of servants and equipages, the period of *the engagement* hurriedly passes away.

And it is, indeed, a most important period, for other and holier ends than a bustling participation in such occupations as I have mentioned. For, during the calm and security of a settled engagement, time might be allowed to each party to acquire an intimate knowledge of those peculiarities of temper or disposition which, more or less, belong to all; much evil, in after life, might be avoided by a correct appreciation of the disposition of either party; an influence might be acquired over the opinions and habits of each other which would tend to promote future peace. *That* influence, that yielding and forbearance, which are so important

in married life, ought to commence before marriage. And, yet, how dire is the contrast! How the hurry of the few agitating months, previous to marriage, throws into the shade all serious considerations! How little time have the young to commune with their own hearts, or to form those solemn resolutions which alone can bring down a blessing on their union! In the higher classes how few enter into that state with a real knowledge of each other! Hurried from one pleasure to another, even until the tie is formed, they are taught, by the practice of society, to feel that happiness needs not, necessarily, be a plant of domestic growth. They see but dimly into the hearts which are to respond to theirs. Dress, frivolity, and vanity, make up the sum of the present. On the brink of fate, the most sacred duties of life are sacrificed to the least important of its considerations. "I wish I had time to *think*!" said a young and affianced lady to me, "I want to prepare myself on many points for my future duties; but dress, ornaments, carriages, are the only topics on which I have heard a syllable spoken for the last six weeks."

I saw one of these fair young victims to folly on the eve of her marriage with a nobleman, of whose temper, character, and notions, she knew just as much as any acquaintance could do, but no more. Indifference, if not aversion, was painted on her beautiful countenance. She had been hurried, by thoughtless and worldly parents, into a union with one whom she *knew* not. A few short years in the career of fashion,

and of a celebrity but little to be envied, and she became an outcast, a warning, and a shame to the character of Englishwomen!

But there are many minor cases, less revolting than this, which call imperatively upon society to alter its arrangements in regard to the solemn contract of marriage, and to urge upon the young, the duties of reflection and of preparation.

The first consideration which should be ever present to the mind of one whose course in life is henceforth to be changed, is, how she can best understand the duties which are to smooth and regulate her path. For, without a due comprehension of these, her ways will be wandering, and her progress uncertain. She must endeavour to learn, from her own observation, the nature of those qualities which best insure mutual respect and happiness. She must con over the lessons which present the elements of matrimonial felicity.

In the very rudiments of the science, it too often happens that her education has been defective. In the habit of self-control, in the needful forbearance and gentleness, she is often wholly deficient. In the first principles of action she has imbibed erroneous notions.

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

STRAIGHTWAY Virginius led the maid a little space
aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with
horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson
flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of
blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle
down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his
gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began
to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell,
sweet child! Farewell!
Oh how I loved my darling! Though stern I some-
times be,
To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so
to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was
to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last
year!
10 *

And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic
crown ;

And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me
forth my gown !

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty
ways,

Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old
lays ;

And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when
I return,

Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.

The house that was the happiest within the Roman
walls,

The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's
marble halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have
eternal gloom ;

And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the
tomb.

The time is come. See he how he points his eager
hand this way !

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon
the prey !

With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, be-
trayed, bereft,

Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.

He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still
can save

Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion
of the slave ;

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—

Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,

And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.



THE GRATEFUL SLAVE.

THE famous Oriental philosopher Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lockman replied, "I have received so many favours from you, that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer of the slave struck the master to such a degree that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.

MOOMA.

A LITTLE way alone into the wood
The father gently moved toward the sound,
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy ground.

Anon advancing thus, the trees between
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who in the sunshine, like a careless child
Of nature, in her joy was carolling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet birds
of spring.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she in many an emulous essay,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, a wild display
Of sounds in rich irregular array;
And now as blithe as bird in vernal bower,
Poured in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song
 With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
 And sometimes high the note was raised and long
 Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
 As if the voice exulted there to dwell:
 But when she could no more that pitch sustain,
 So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
 That with the music of its dying strain
 She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

* * * * *

When now the father issued from the wood
 Into that little glade in open sight,
 Like one entranced beholding him, she stood;
 Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
 Yet less of wonder than of dread delight,
 When thus the actual vision came in view;
 For instantly the maiden read aright
 Wherefore he came; his garb and beard she knew:
 All that her mother heard, had then indeed been true.

Nor was the Father filled with less surprise:
 He too strange fancies well might entertain,
 When this so fair a creature met his eyes.
 He might have thought her not of mortal strain,
 Rather as bards of yore were wont to feign
 A nymph divine of Mondai's secret stream,
 Or haply of Diana's woodland train:
 For in her beauty Mooma such might seem,
 Being less a child of earth, than like a poet's dream.

No art of barbarous ornament had scarred
And stained her virgin limbs, or 'fled her face ;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marred
In her sweet countenance the natural grace
Of innocence and youth : nor was there trace
Of sorrow or of hardening want and care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,
Which seemed to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Her only garment. Round her as it hung
In short unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves, display
Her form. She stood with fixed and wondering
eyes,
And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,
Even for excess of joy.

IDEAL OF A WIFE.

THE world must go on its own way : for all we can
say against it, radiant beauty, though it beams over
the organization of a doll, will have its hour of empire
—the most torpid heiress will easily get herself married ;
but the wife whose sweet nature can kindle worthy

delights is she that brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit, and that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which yet so irradiates a home that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence. We best learn the unsuspected might of a being like this when we try the weight of that sadness that hangs like lead upon the room, the gallery, the stairs, where once her footstep sounded, and now is heard no more. It is not less the energy than the grace and gentleness of this character that works the enchantment. Books can instruct, and books can amuse, and books can exalt and purify; beauty of face and beauty of form will come with bought pictures and statues, and for the government of a household hired menials will suffice; but fondness and hate, daring hope, lively fear, the lust for glory, and the scorn of base deeds, sweet charity, faithfulness, pride, and, chief over all, the impetuous will, lending might and power to feeling—these are the rib of the man, and from these, deep-veiled in the mystery of her very loveliness, his true companion sprang. A being thus ardent will often go wrong in her strenuous course—will often alarm—sometimes provoke—will now and then work mischief, and even perhaps grievous harm, but she will be our own Eve after all—the sweet-speaking tempter whom Heaven created to be the joy and the trouble of this “pleasing anxious” existence—to shame us away from the hiding-places of a slothful neutrality, and lead us

abroad in the world, men militant here on earth, enduring quiet, content with strife, and looking for peace hereafter.

THE STATELY MAIDEN

WHY so stately, maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air,
Gathering up thy queenly charms
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirred,
Turns the glowing neck to chide
The irreverent footfall, then makes haste to hide
Again its lustre deep
Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep.

Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove,
But a spirit o'er her bends,
Trained in Heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke
Tempers to-day shy tone, and bashful look :
Graceless one—'tis all of thee,
Who for her maiden bounty full and free,
The violet from her gay
And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks repay.

A CHILD SAYING THE APOSTLES' CREED.

GIVE me a tender spotless child,
Rehearsing or at eve or morn
His chant of glory undefiled,
The Creed that with the Church was born.

Down be his earnest forehead cast,
His slender fingers joined for prayer,
With half a frown his eye sealed fast
Against the world's intruding glare.

Who, while his lips so gently move,
And all his look is purpose strong,
Can say what wonders, wrought above,
Upon his unstained fancy throng?

The world new-framed, the Christ new-born,
The Mother-Maid, the cross and grave,
The rising sun on Easter morn,
The fiery tongues sent down to save,—

The gathering Church, the Fount of Life,
The saints and mourners kneeling round,
The Day to end the body's strife,
The Saviour in His people crowned,—

All in majestic march and even
To the veiled eye by turns appear,
True to their time as stars in heaven,
No morning dream so still and clear.

And this is Faith, and thus she wins
Her victory, day by day rehearsed.
Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,
Love's glorious world will on thee burst.



THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

"REASON *ought* to direct us," says Lord Chesterfield, "but it seldom *does* ; and he who addresses himself simply to another man's reason, without endeavouring to engage his heart in his interest also, is no more likely to succeed, than a man who should apply only to a king's nominal minister, and neglect his favourite." The illustration is just and beautiful, and the observation deserves the notice of every one whose employment it is to win man to faith and righteousness. Dry reasoning, though ever so solid, will not do alone.

THE ARSENAL.

THIS is the Arsenal! from floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal *miseréré*
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and cuirass rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;
And Aztec priests upon their *teocallis*,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder ;
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for ever more the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease,
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear, once more, the voice of Christ say "Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

THE Marquise met me at the door, and with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and the rapture peculiar to the ladies of this nation, caught me by the hand and gave me a salute upon each cheek, most heartily rejoiced to see me. You would have supposed I had been some long absent friend, whom she dearly loved. She presented me to her mother and sister, who were present with her, all sitting together in her bed-room, quite *en famille*. One of the ladies was knitting. The Marquise herself was in a chintz gown. She is a middle-sized lady, sprightly and agreeable ; and professes herself strongly attached to Americans. She supports an amiable character, is fond of her children, and very attentive to them, which is not the general character of ladies of high rank in Europe. In a few days she returned my visit, upon which we sent her a card of invitation to dine. She came ; we had a large company. There is not a lady in our country who would have gone abroad to dine so little dressed ; and one of our fine American ladies, who sat by me, whis-

pered to me, "*Good heavens! how awfully she is dressed!*" I could not forbear returning the whisper, which I most sincerely despised, by replying that the lady's rank sets her above the little formalities of dress. She had on a brown Florence gown and petticoat—which is the only silk, excepting satins, which are worn here in winter,—a plain double gauze handkerchief, a pretty cap, with a white ribbon in it, and looked very neat. The rouge, it is true, was not so artfully laid on as upon the faces of the American ladies who were present. Whilst they were glittering with diamonds, watch-chains, girdle-buckles, &c., the Marquise was nowise ruffled by her own different appearance. A really well-bred French lady has the most ease in her manners that you can possibly conceive of. It is studied by them as an art, and they render it nature.

EARLY HABITS.

EARLY habits of virtue, like new clothes upon a young and comely body, sit very gracefully upon a straight and well-shaped mind, and do mightily become it.

GENTLE WORDS.

A YOUNG rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea ;
But gentle words, and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower ;
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour ;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart ;
But, oh ! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words, and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

THE CROWNING OF PETRARCH.

AMONG the great men to whom we owe the resuscitation of science, he deserves the foremost place; and his enthusiastic attachment to this great cause constitutes his most just and splendid title to the gratitude of posterity. He was the votary of literature. He loved it with a perfect love. He worshipped it with an almost fanatical devotion. He was the missionary who proclaimed its discoveries to distant countries,—the pilgrim who travelled far and wide to collect its relics,—the hermit who retired to seclusion to meditate on its beauties,—the champion who fought its battles,—the conqueror who, in more than a metaphorical sense, led barbarism and ignorance in triumph, and received in the capitol the laurel which his magnificent victory had earned.

Nothing can be conceived more affecting or noble than that ceremony. The superb palaces and porticos, by which had rolled the ivory chariots of Marius and Cæsar, had long mouldered into dust. The laurelled fasces, the golden eagles, the shouting legions, the captives, and the pictured cities were indeed wanting to his victorious procession. The sceptre had passed away from Rome. But she still retained the mightier influence of an intellectual empire, and was now to confer the prouder reward of an intellectual triumph. To the man who had extended the dominion of her

ancient language—who had erected the trophies of philosophy and imagination in the haunts of ignorance and ferocity—whose captives were the hearts of admiring nations enchained by the influence of his song—whose spoils were the treasures of ancient genius rescued from obscurity and decay,—the Eternal City offered the just and glorious tribute of her gratitude. Amidst the ruined monuments of ancient, and the infant erections of modern art, he who had restored the broken link between the two ages of human civilization, was crowned with the wreath which he had deserved from the moderns who owed to him their refinement—from the ancients who owed to him their fame. Never was a coronation so august witnessed by a Westminster or Rheims.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbouring villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Washed with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;—
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

DEATH OF MOOMA.

—————Who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers, he said, came faltering from his
tongue!

She saw him weep, and she could understand
The cause, thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved, she took his hand;
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Passed, whilst she looked at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loth to part,
Detaining him, her fingers, lank and weak,
Played with their hold; then, letting him depart,
She gave him a *slow* smile that touched him to the
heart.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
Think'st thou that it were worth a wish to live
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?
That simple heart, that innocence sincere,
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be
For the great change; and now that change is
near,
Oh, who would keep her soul from being free?
Maiden, beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee.

MUSIC.

A YOUNG lady should consider music as one branch of her education, inferior in importance to most of those studies which are pointed out to her, but attainable in a sufficient degree by the aid of time, perseverance, and a moderate degree of instruction. Begun early, and pursued steadily, there is ample leisure in youth for the attainment of a science which confers more cheerfulness and brings more pleasure than can readily be conceived. A young lady of seventeen should be able to play with taste, with correctness, with readiness, upon the general principle that a well-educated woman should do all things well. This, I should suppose, is in the power of most persons ; and it may be attained without loss of health or of time, or any sacrifice of an important nature. She should consider it as an advantage, a power to be employed for the gratification of others, and to be indulged with moderation and good sense for her own resource—as a change of occupation.

Considered in this light, music is what Providence intended it to be—a social blessing. The whole creation is replete with music—a benignant power has made the language of the feathered tribe harmony ;—let us not suppose that He condemns his other creatures to silence in the song. Let us not, because one of those means which He has bestowed of cheering our

devious and checkered path, has been abused, condemn it with a virulence which is ungrateful.

Music has an influence peculiar to itself. It can allay the irritation of the mind ; it has banished cards, it cements families, and makes the home which might sometimes be monotonous a scene of gentle excitement. Pursued as a recreation, it is gentle, rational, lady-like. Followed as a business, it loses its charm, because we perceive that it is then overrated. The young lady who comes modestly forward, when called upon as a performer, would cease to please when for an instant she assumes the air and confidence of a professional musician. There is a certain style and manner—confined now to the second-rate performers, for the highest and the most esteemed dispense with it—there is an effort and a dash which disgust in the lady who has bad taste enough to assume them.

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour ;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words ! Oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip ;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy ;
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken ;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred ;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

A REMARK ON DRYDEN.

ALL his natural and all his acquired powers fitted him to found a good critical school of poetry. Indeed he carried his reforms too far for his age. After his death our literature retrograded ; and a century was necessary to bring it back to the point at which he left it. The general soundness and healthfulness of his mental constitution ; his information of vast

superficies, though of small volume; his wit, scarcely inferior to that of the most distinguished followers of Donne; his eloquence, grave, deliberate, and commanding, could not save him from disgraceful failure as a rival of Shakespere, but raised him far above the level of Boileau. His command of language was immense. With him died the secret of the old poetical diction of England,—the art of producing rich effects by familiar words. In the following century it was as completely lost as the Gothic method of painting glass, and was but poorly supplied by the laborious and tessellated imitations of Mason and Gray. On the other hand, he was the first writer under whose skilful management the scientific vocabulary fell into natural and pleasing verse. In this department he succeeded as completely as his contemporary Gibbons succeeded in the similar enterprise of carving the most delicate flowers from heart of oak. The toughest and most knotty parts of language became ductile at his touch.

A DAY IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

BOOKS were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us for a moment transport ourselves in thought to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible, the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying, “Room for the Prytanes!” The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made: “Who wishes to speak?” There is a shout and a clapping of hands; Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles, and away to sup with Aspasia.

THE GARDEN.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells,
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster-towers. The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.



THE TRIO.

THERE sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded ; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both ; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,

Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Revealed their shining windows : from them clashed
The bells ; we listened ; with the time we played ;
We spoke of other things ; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.

THE WIFE'S OBEDIENCE.

To important events I confine the act of obedience. Obedience implies a subjection of the will ; it does not exact an obliteration of the understanding. On the first collision in the early and trying days of married life, I strongly recommend the young wife not to let the question of obedience or of non-obedience be agitated. Unless a compliance breaks down some principle of virtue, or outrages some duty, let her comply at once. At the same time let her state her reasons for differing, gently and even firmly, if reasons there be in her own mind. On all minor points I would advise her to begin as she means to go on ; to judge for herself in what relates to herself. In matters of dress, friendship, correspondence, charity, devotion ; in the daily command of her household, subject to a reference to her husband ; in the disposal of her private income, in her reading and pleasures ; in the society she

chooses, subject, of course, to her husband's approval. I would advise her at once to assume to herself the power of giving invitations, as well as her husband. Nothing is much more trying to a woman than the inability to be kind—or to ask, with a due regard to convenience and to expense, the friends of her youth or the acquaintance of her mature age. I have seen young wives, too timid in this respect, incur, not only much vexation in their own minds, but much unjust animadversion from others, who have considered them as cold-hearted and ungrateful when they were only acting in obedience to the caprice of their husbands.



A RAINBOW IN A STORM.

IN the midst of my annoyances from this rain and storm, I was struck by one beautiful effect upon the hills; it was produced by a rainbow diving down into a gloomy mountain-pass, which it seemed really to flood with its coloured glory. I could not help thinking that it was like our religion, piercing and carrying brightness into the depth of sorrow and of the tomb. All the rest of the scene around that one illumined spot, was wrapt in the most lowering darkness.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

GIVE me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day ;
The wasted skill, the labour lost—
The mental treasure thrown away ;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land ;
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful ; nay, in brave attire ;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight ;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn ;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks, and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere ;
Help honest men to conquer wrong ;
Art, Science, Labour, nerve and cheer—
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls academic, amply graced ;
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few—
Filled with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand ;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land ;
A Panthéon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just ;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honour or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will ;
Music of bells on Sabbath-days
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise ;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies !

HOW TO ACQUIRE SELF-CONTROL.

Few women attain to a proper regulation of temper until they are more than twenty years of age. The period of girlhood is one of impulse; let it not dishearten you, if, on your marriage, you find that you have much to overcome in this respect. But, whilst to a conscientious mind I would proffer hope, I must endeavour to impress a deep conviction of the absolute necessity of attaining a command of temper, if any prospect of happiness is to be insured.

There are numerous trials in first entering new-married life. The new duties and responsibilities—in the middle classes, the details of housekeeping, more especially the necessary accounts, and the difficulty of combining economy and elegance, irritate the feelings. In the higher ranks there are even more trials, because the temper is the most neglected in those circles. Girls are left to upper nurses in childhood, and to governesses in girlhood, who are to control that which maternal influences could so much more naturally and thoroughly direct. It often happens, therefore, that, unseen by acquaintance, and even not fully known by relations, the temper of young ladies in the higher classes has appeared irritable, and even violent, when they have been called forth into the actual business of life.

The control of temper is so completely a Christian

virtue, that we cannot pray too earnestly to be enabled to exercise it. Every night recall each hasty word or angry feeling, and endeavour, humbly, to make your peace with your Maker ; for be assured, that errors of temper are displeasing to Him who was "meek and lowly of heart." In the serious and anxious review of your conduct, let no fault of others plead your extenuation. Shall we receive kindness and respect from our neighbour, and shall we not also bear with his infirmities ? To resent them is the effect of pride, that sin against the Most High which is one remnant of our fallen nature.

These are among the most important considerations which should regulate temper. There are some minor aids, to enumerate which is a task that belongs properly to this work.

The *habits* are, more or less, connected with the control of temper. A lady who is active, orderly, and regular, will not be subject to those little trials which women bear much worse than calamities. Some women are all day long lamenting the want of time ; they are, in short, mourning insensibly over the hours which they have lost in the morning. A hurry of spirits takes place which is destructive to forbearance. And, indeed, in large towns, with a numerous acquaintance, this feeling of hurrying, and this fear of never getting done what one has to do, will pursue the early riser, as well as the lady of late hours. Many a harsh word is uttered in such moments, when the sufferer becomes singularly unjust. Let her have the good sense to

shut herself up at such times, and to be quiet in her own dressing room—that domestic fortification, to which servants and visitors may be forbidden to follow her. Let her have half-an-hour to rest, to recover, and to reflect, and an improved self-command will be the result. But as such cannot always be the case, let women make, in such moments of temptation, a strong and desperate effort to be calm and just: their moments of reflection will thenceforth be moments of peace, not of self-reproach.

In all your dealings with your husband be considerate: do not harass him by indecision in trifles, by idle, yet perplexing questions. Let your presence be to him a consoling presence; not one always associated with complaints of servants, accounts of indisposition, or with long bills. Keep all these things for one grave time, do not let them be mixed up with every day's experience. Above all, keep such subjects away from meal-time. Let those occasions be occasions of cheerful converse, not of business; which must, more or less, lead to wrangling in some cases.

Acquire a habit of judging for yourself in all matters relating to the management of your house and family, so that you may be only under the necessity of appealing occasionally to your husband's judgment. If he happens to be in a profession, frequent calls upon his attention in small matters must distract and harass him. If he has no pursuit of that kind, a continual attention to small subjects alone will not be likely to raise his mind, or to exercise, advantageously, his men-

tal powers: you will assist in narrowing that which should be expanded, and in weakening that which should be strong. All women are competent to manage their domestic arrangements if they choose to take the proper trouble, and it is a great degree of selfishness to thrust them upon the good-nature of a husband.

One great source of discordance between husband and wife is expense. If a husband is lavish a wife is often obliged to be careful; and if, as the more frequently happens, a man considers it his duty to restrain, no small degree of irritation is sometimes produced in that effort. Men of stern characters intimidate their wives on this point, and a woman sometimes rushes into difficulties because she dare not disclose that she has somewhat overspent the means allotted to her. But by a well-judging system all these harassing evils might be avoided. In the first place, although you need not be always talking on the subject, be perfectly open to your husband on these matters; if you have been betrayed into extravagance, open your heart to him, and however painful the disclosure, bear its effect. If you really see your error, and retrace your steps, your husband will generally forget all past indiscretions; but many a man has been betrayed to his ruin by the concealments of his wife, and by the total involvement of affairs before he was even conscious of embarrassments.

I extol as one of the difficult and admirable virtues, that of economy. But never foster a man's meanesses; and even when that term cannot be applied to

his character, do not, by being tied down to too small a sum for your expenditure, run a risk of being led into debt. If, after due consideration, a certain style of living, and a certain expenditure, have been decided on, you ought to have sufficient to support that arrangement, or your establishment should be reduced. You should not be driven into acts of meanness, which are discreditable both to yourself and your husband; but by a timely reduction in some main point, save yourself from so cruel an alternative. This should be your line of conduct, if it be necessary on account of circumstances; but if your husband is rich, let me recommend firmness in all matters which are right; endeavour to improve and to extend your husband's views, not to be swayed by his foibles, for such is *not* the duty of a wife.

One part of the duty of a wife is, indeed, gently to combat all that is faulty and weak in her husband's character. Whilst her own mind may be strengthened by collision with his, she should endeavour to ameliorate his nature by the perpetual flow of her noiseless virtues; to show him how she can rise above selfishness, and to teach him, by the force of example, those minor virtues on which so much of the happiness of life depends. The influence of an amiable wife may often be traced in the great improvement of a man's character after marriage; the good feelings which are drawn forth, the improved tone of sentiment, the gentler language, the more correct religious notions. If women, laying aside controversial subjects, and

avoiding all those extremes to which persons not seriously disposed apply the name of cant, would manifest a really religious spirit—if they would show the fruits of that temper in the ordinary intercourse of life, without disgusting all persons of good taste by adopting a peculiar phraseology—a great moral revolution would be effected in society. Men who have thought but slightly on such subjects would be led to reflect on their own motives, and the comparison would be in favour of that divine principle, those holy precepts, from whence alone can spring all that is pure and of good report.

FORMATION OF A YOUTHFUL MIND.

MEN glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure to see sets of their own planting grow up and flourish; but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man; to see a youth of our own planting, from the small beginnings and advantages we have given him, to grow up into a considerable fortune, to take root in the world, and to shoot up into such a height, and spread his branches so wide, that we who first planted him, may ourselves find comfort and shelter under his shadow.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance—
There's rest in his still countenance :
He mocks ~~no~~ grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure—
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm—
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh, thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day !
He walks with thee—that angel kind—
And gently whispers, "Be resigned !
Bear up, bear on—the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

“BLESSED ARE THE PEACE MAKERS.”

WHEN ancient Sabines, fired with vengeance, came
Their lovely stolen daughters to reclaim;
And the fierce Roman bared his ready brand,
Who sought the field and held the warrior's hand?

See where they kneel! Meek daughters and fond
wives!

“Fathers,” they cry, “oh, spare our husbands' lives!”
See how they weep between the opposing ranks,
(So glides some silver stream 'twixt frowning banks)
See how from host to host they fly by turns,
The child beseeches, and the fond wife yearns;
Even their helpless babes are brought to plead;
See, they are conquerors—love must succeed!
Affection's tear can master anger's frown;
The Sabines melt, the Roman lance sinks down;
The enchanted armies sheathe their swords, and cry
“Since both are dear to thee, neither must die.”
Could woman's pleading love do this of old,
And is her soul less kind, her heart more cold?
Could heathens feel such tenderness of yore,
And shall not Christian ladies feel yet more?
Oh, woman! let thy voice of pleading love
Float o'er the tempest like the ancient dove;

Say not that voice is feeble—it may rise
On more than angel's wings and reach the skier ;
Say not thy hands are weak, they have much might
To mould the spirit of thy child aright—
To turn the ardours of his brightening eye
From blood-stained wreaths to palms that never die.
Then plead, pray, love ; such weapons shall avail
Where all the thunders of the battle fail.
What cause like that of peace thy heart to move ?
The cause of Christ, of tenderness, of love.
Christ, woman's own deliverer ! He whose might
Lifts the war-trampled gem, and makes it bright ;
His kingdom is thine atmosphere ; His power
First lifts the drooping rose, then builds its bower .
Oh man may well our Christ his Saviour call,
Man owes Christ all, woman owes more than all.

Open, ye-lips of music, pour your stream
Of sweetness unto Him, your sweetest theme ;
Shine forth, ye eyes of brightness, to that Sun
Which fills you with the rays of righteousness ;
Oh, plead for Christ and Peace, they are but one,
He speaks—the echo of His voice is Peace.

THE ART OF CONVERSING WELL.

WE afford hours to music and dancing; we throw away large sums upon wools and chenilles; but we bestow little culture upon an accomplishment that beyond all others promotes the happiness of home, enlivens society, and improves upon every other blessing in existence—the art of conversation. How many excellent women are deficient in the power of expressing themselves well, or, indeed, of expressing themselves at all! How many minds “cream and mantle,” from the want of energy to pour themselves out in words: on the other hand, how some, equally well-intentioned, drown the very senses in their torrent of remarks, which dashes like a waterfall into a sombre pool of ennui below!

Let us recall some instances of either extreme.

Lucetta comes into society well dressed, well looking, polite: she does not intend to chill it by her presence: yet her absence is found a relief. She sits at dinner as if she considered it sufficient to dress, to look well, to eat. She brings no stock to the community of ideas. Her dull eyes return no response to the discourse which is going on. When you have once glanced at her, she becomes an expletive in the company. She leaves us, and goes home—“But how much worse must it be for her poor husband!” is the general reflection.

Angela, on the other hand, is a talker. She is like the canary-bird in that cage; when others begin to speak, she hurries in her remarks in an accompaniment. Her voice must be uppermost; conversation becomes a contest who can speak the most rapidly. The timid and modest retire from the encounter—Angela has the field to herself. She goes on, without mercy: the voice of a syren would fatigue us, if we were to hear it continually. The mind revolts at the injustice of monopoly, and Angela talks to ears that would be deaf if they could.

These are extreme cases: there are many other minor errors. The higher qualities of conversation must undoubtedly be based upon the higher qualities of the mind: then it is indeed a privilege to commune with our fellow mortals: but it is not to the erudite nor to the imaginative only that it is given to please in conversation.

The art of imparting our ideas easily and elegantly to others may be improved by ourselves, if there are opportunities of mingling in good society, with little study. The mind must first be cultivated: but it should not abash those who are conscious of moderate talents, or imperfect cultivation, from taking a due part in conversation, on account of their inferiority. It is a very different thing to shine and to please: to shine in society is more frequently attempted than compassed: to please is in the power of all. The effort to shine, when fruitless, brings a certain disgrace, and engenders mortification: all good people are in-

clined to take the will for the deed when they see a desire to please. A gentle, deferential, kind manner will disarm even the most discerning from criticising too severely the deficiencies of the inexperienced: confidence, disrespect of others, volubility, eagerness to dispute must irritate the self-love of others, and produce an averseness to acknowledge talent or information, when they may even happen to exist.

It is wiser and safer for a young lady in general to observe the good old-fashioned rule of being addressed first; but then she must receive the address readily, meeting it half-way, repaying it by enlarging a little upon the topic thus selected, and not by sinking into a dull silence the moment after a reply is given. Some young ladies start as if thunderstruck, when spoken to, and stare as if the person who pays them that attention had no right to awaken them from their reverie. Others look affronted, possibly from shyness, and begin a derogatory attack upon the beauty of their gowns by twitching the front breadth,—or move from side to side, in evident distress and consternation. Time remedies these defects; but there is one still less curable and less endurable—that of pertness and flippancy—the loud “O yes!” “O dear!” “How strange!” the look of self-sufficiency and confidence. But these offensive manifestations spring from some previous and deep-seated defects of character, and are only to be repelled by what I fear they will frequently encounter—the mortification of inspiring disgust.

Neither is the lengthy, prosy, didactic reply con-

sistent with the submission and simplicity of youth; egotism, and egotism once removed, that is, the bringing into the topic one's own family and relations too frequently, are also antidotes to the true spirit of conversation. In general, it is wiser, more in good taste, safer, more becoming, certainly more in accordance with good breeding, to avoid talking of persons. There are many snares in such topics: not merely the danger of calumniating, but that of engendering a slippery conscience in matters of fact. A young girl, shy and inexperienced, states a circumstance; she feels her deficiency as a narrator, for the power of telling a story is a power to be acquired by practice. She is sometimes tempted to heighten a little the incidents, in order to get on a little better and to make more impression. She must of course defend her positions, and then the sanctity of truth is in danger of being sullied. Besides, few things narrow the intellect more than dwelling on the peculiarities, natural or incidental, of that small coterie of persons who constitute our world.

It is in general a wise rule, and one which will tend much to insure your comfort through life, to avoid disclosures to others of family affairs. I do not mean to recommend reserve or art; to friends and relations, too great an openness can hardly be practised: but, with acquaintance, the less our own circumstances are discussed, the happier and the more dignified will our commerce with them continue. On the same principle, let the concerns of others be touched upon with delicacy, or, if possible, passed over in silence; more

especially those details which relate to pecuniary matters, constitutional diseases, family differences. All these are personal: and there is a want of true good-breeding, a want of consideration and deference, in speaking freely of these things even when your friend is unconscious of the liberty.

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy tax; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good-breeding, whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of Christian feeling can never be devoid.

To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists; we become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The "art of conversation" is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art.

In listening, a well-bred gentlewoman will gently sympathize with the speaker; or, if needs must be,

differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them as one would urge on a horse with incessant "Yes, yes—very good—ah!" others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is at intervals produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment.

But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.

NOT TO DESPAIR.

THE *mercies of the Lord* to his chosen are from *everlasting*; yet so long as his decree of mercy runs hid, and is not discovered to them in the effects of it, they are said not to have received or *obtained mercy*; and when it begins to act and work in their effectual calling, then they find it be theirs. It was in a secret way moving forward towards them before, as the sun after midnight is still coming nearer to us, though we perceive not its approach, till the dawning of the day.

THE SAVIOUR'S GIFT.

PEACE was the song that angels sang,
When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
And sweet the heavenly prelude rang,
To calm the watchful shepherds' fears.
WAR is the cry that man doth raise,
As frantic in Bellona's train,
He bids her vengeful altars blaze,
While tears and blood his garments stain.

PEACE was the prayer the Saviour breathed,
When from this earth his steps withdrew,
The gift He to his friends bequeathed,
With Calvary, and the Cross in view.
Oh! ye, whose souls have felt His love,
Guard day and night this rich bequest;
The watch-word of Heaven's host above,
The passport to their realms of rest.

ON THE VERBENA.

WHEN rudely handled, or severely pressed,
How sweet the fragrance from thy leaves expressed;
Injured by man, a lesson here we learn,
For malice, love—for evil, good return.

CUVIER'S FIRST STEP INTO NOTICE.

It was at this period,* that some terebratulæ having been dug up near Fecamp, the thought struck him of comparing fossil with recent species, and the casual dissection of a species of cuttle-fish led him to study the anatomy of mollusca, which afterwards conducted him to the development of his great views on the whole of the animal kingdom. The class "vermes," so called by Linnæus, included all the inferior animals, and was left by him in a state of the greatest confusion: it was by those that young Cuvier first distinguished himself; he examined their organization, classed them into groups, and arranged them according to their natural affinities. A little society met every evening in Valmont, near Count d'Hericy's residence, for the purpose of discussing agricultural topics. M. Tessier, who had fled from the Reign of Terror at Paris, and who was concealed under the office of an army surgeon, was present at these meetings, being then quartered at Valmont. He spoke so well, and seemed so much master of the subject, that Cuvier recognised him as the author of the articles in the *Encyclopedie Méthodique*. On saluting him as such, M. Tessier, whose title of Abbé

* Cuvier, then about nineteen years old, was residing at Caen, in Normandy, in the family of the Count d'Hericy.

had rendered him suspected at Paris, exclaimed, "I am known, then, and consequently lost." "Lost!" replied Cuvier: "no, you are henceforth the object of our most anxious care." Tessier wrote thus to his friend Jussieu, on his first acquaintance with Cuvier. "On the sight of this young man, I felt the same delight as the philosopher, who, when cast away upon an unknown shore, there saw traces of a geometrical figure. M. Cuvier is a violet which has hidden itself under the grass. He has great acquirements; he makes plates for your work; and I have urged him to give us lectures this year on botany. He has promised so to do, and I congratulate my pupils at the hospital on his compliance. I question if you could find a better comparative anatomist, and he is a pearl worthy of picking up. I assisted you in drawing M. Delambre from his retreat, and I beg you to help me in drawing M. Cuvier from his; for he is made for science and the world."

CONTENTION.

It cuts the sinews and strength of prayer, makes breaches and gaps as wounds at which the spirits fly out, as the cutting of a vein, by which, as they speak, it bleeds to death. When the soul is calm and composed, it may behold the face of God shining on it.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

ANGRY looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness ;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven—not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them ;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let *another* feel them.

THE CHARM OF CLASSIC ASSOCIATIONS.

How different from this period become the sentiments with which the scenery of nature is contemplated, by those who have any imagination; the beautiful forms of ancient mythology, with which the fancy of poets peopled every element, are now ready to appear to their minds, upon the prospect of every scene. The descriptions of ancient authors, so long admired, and so deserving of admiration, occur to them at every moment, and with them all those enthusiastic ideas of ancient genius and glory, which the study of so many years of youth, so naturally leads them to form. Or, if the study of modern poetry has succeeded to that of the ancient, a thousand other beautiful associations are acquired, which instead of destroying, serve easily to unite with the former, and to afford a new source of delight. The awful forms of Gothic superstition, the wild and romantic imagery, which the turbulence of the middle ages, the crusades, and the institution of chivalry have spread over every country of Europe, arise to the imagination in every scene; accompanied with all those pleasing recollections of prowess and adventure, and courteous manners, which distinguished those memorable times; with such images in their minds, it is not common nature that appears to surround them. It is nature embellished

and made sacred by the memory of Theocritus and Virgil, and Milton and Tasso ; their genius seems still to linger among the scenes which inspired it, and to irradiate every object where it dwells ; and the creations of their fancy seem the fit inhabitants of that nature, which their descriptions have clothed with beauty.



THE ADVENT.

SWEETLY peals a holy anthem,
 Echoed from the bending sky ;
 Listen to its precious burden—
 “Glory be to God on high !”

Hark ! the mighty strains are breaking
 From the angelic choirs again,
 Like the ocean in its waking—
 “Peace on earth, goodwill to men !”

Bless the Son ! Oh, not for ever
 Shall the tide of ruin flow,
 Writing through the wide earth’s kingdoms
 “Lamentation, mourning, woe !”

For, upon his glorious mission,
 Comes the Prince Emmanuel,
 Bringing, in his train from heaven,
 Peace and truth on earth to dwell.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

No sound of deadly strife,
No murderous lust of life,
Shall rend the air, or fill the hearts of men,
When, gentle as a dove,
Omnipotent in love,
The Prince of Peace shall visit earth again.

Oh then, where war had rolled,
Through ages dark and old,
His surging billows dyed with human gore;
The stream of God shall glide
To nations far and wide;
While love's deep anthem swells from shore to shore.

The inebriate's fount of woe,
For ever sealed, shall flow
No more, to desolate the homes of men:
The oppressor's iron rod,
Doomed by the living God,
Shall never smite the plundered poor again.

See, see! glad beams of light,
Athwart sin's heavy night,
Stream through the morning's widely opening gates:
All hail! the King of kings
Abroad his banner flings,
And earth subdued, his peaceful reign awaits.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done, if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
 Would they unite,
 In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
 And knowledge pour,
 From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.

LOOK ABOVE.

THE eye of a godly man is not fixed on the false sparkling of the world's pomp, honour, and wealth. It is dead to them, being quite dazzled with a greater beauty. The grass looks fine in the morning, when it is set with those liquid pearls, the drops of dew that shine upon it; but if you can look but a little while on the body of the sun, and then look down again, the eye is, as it were, dead; it sees not that faint shining on the earth that it thought so gay before; and as the eye is blinded, and dies to it, so, within a few hours, that gayety quite vanishes and dies of itself.

A LARGE retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY THE ROBIN.

As often as I hear the Robin-red-breast chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (thinks I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frosty airs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as, like Persians, to the rising sun of prosperity? I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocency; to the serpent, to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird, to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenour of my mind's quietness, as well at the approach of the calamities of winter, as of the spring of happiness? And since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes; why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steady course in all weathers? and though I be forced with cross-winds to shift the sails and catch at side-winds, yet skilfully to steer and keep on my course, by the Cape of Good Hope, till I arrive at the haven of eternal happiness.

DUTY IS WORSHIP.

LABOUR is worship, a poet hath sung,
And her eloquent breathings yet rest on our tongue,
The chained eagle pineth, the still water faileth,
And wasting care ever the idle assaileth.
There is life, active life, in the breeze of the hill,
In the song of the lark, in the gush of the rill,
And therefore they worship, and so doth the morn,
When in beauty and gladness the day-spring is born.
Then is eloquent worship; but what of the night,
When all beauty and brightness are hid from our
sight;
And what of the quiet lake, calm and serene,
And the tarnished ore, under earth's carpet of green!
Oh, do not *they* worship because they are still!
They all, the place God hath appointed them, fill.
There is worship we feel when the forest is rife
With music and sunshine and redolent life;
When the birds of the air and the flowers of the sod,
Join incense and anthem in worship of God.
But, is there no worship when moonbeams steal
through,
And the giant rock, doth not that worship Him too?
Labour is worship! When the might of man's mind
Is set on such deeds as ennoble his kind;

When he strives to spread knowledge, or gladness, or health ;

When he works with his hands, or endows with his wealth ;

When thinketh the clear head, its thoughts deep and wise ;

And great truths like stars on man's destiny rise ;

When writeth the bold hand in tone calm and strong,

The protest of right 'gainst oppression and wrong ;

When the intellect lofty, or knowledge-stored mind,

Attuneth with hearts that are gentle and kind,

Then labour is worship ! But, what if the toil

Be the meanest that ever was wrought on the soil ?

Ay, then—even then, if our duty be there ;

For fulfilment of duty is eloquent prayer,—

Labour is worship ; and therefore 'tis blest,

But surely they also may worship who rest.

Stars differ in glory, and thrones in estate ;

They also may serve who have only to wait ;

When the preacher or teacher of wisdom and truth,

When the leader of classes or guardian of youth,

When the poet or prophet forget for a time,

Provisions of good—aspirations sublime.

To stand by the couch of the weary and weak,

When burneth the brow, and paleth the cheek,

When lips that have uttered philosophy, move

With words of endearment and accents of love.

This also is worship, for duty is there,

And fulfilment of duty is eloquent prayer.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE is no estate of life so happy in this world as to yield a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no estate of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must be content with it. Though I have nothing that may give me true content, yet I will learn to be truly contented here with what I have. What care I, though I have not much? I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.

GENTLE WORDS.

USE gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart!
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

On lonely wilds by light-winged birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown,
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly ! bow the head—
 In reverent silence bow !—
 No passing-bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow :
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo, Death doth keep his state ;
 Enter !—no crowds attend—
 Enter !—no guards defend—
 This palace gate !

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread ;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change ! oh, wondrous change !
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars !

Oh, change ! stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod ;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

COURTEOUSNESS.

THE roots of plants are hid under the ground, so that themselves are not seen, but they appear in their branches and flowers and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them : thus the graces of the spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life, in the tract of a Christian's life, his words and actions, and the frame of his carriage.

THE SOURCES OF WIT.

PERHAPS the most important of our intellectual operations are those of detecting the difference in similar, and the identity in dissimilar things. Out of the latter operation it is that wit arises; and it, generally regarded, consists in presenting thoughts or images in an unusual connexion with each other, for the purpose of exciting pleasure by the surprise. This connexion may be real; and there is in fact a scientific wit; though where the object conscientiously entertained is truth, and not amusement, we commonly give it some higher name. But in wit, popularly understood, the connexion may be, and for the most part is, apparent only and transitory; and this connexion may be by thoughts, or by words, or by images. The first is Butler's especial eminence; the second, Voltaire's; the third, which we oftener call fancy, constitutes the larger and more peculiar part of the wit of Shakespere. You can scarcely turn to a single speech of Falstaff's without finding instances of it. Nor does wit always cease to deserve the name by being transient, or incapable of analysis. I may add that the wit of thoughts belongs eminently to the Italians, that of words to the French, and that of images to the English.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

A MIGHTY dome is reared in solemn state,
To hold the produce of the world's invention ;
The spacious palace of the labouring great,
Whose bloodless triumphs history loves to mention.

From every land which man has made his home,
Where arts and science with due culture flourish,
Or trackless wastes and billows crowned with foam,
They come, the ardent mind with food to nourish.

The trophies of the past fade into gloom,
Which conquerors planted on the field of battle ;
Where breathing armies sunk before their doom,
And shouts of glory drowned the low death rattle.

These things were once, while yet the world was young,
Ere it drank wisdom from the fount of reason ;
Now, let a curtain o'er such scenes be hung—
War's winter fled, we hail a softer season.

The sundered children of the human race,
Crossing their bounds to mingle with each other,
In foreign nations kindred features trace,
And learn that every mortal is their brother.

The love of art engenders love to man,
And this in turn the love of his creator ;
'Tis Ignorance that mars Heaven's gracious plan,
And rears in blood the murderer and manhater.

A glorious epoch brightens history's page,
Shedding upon the future dazzling lustre ;
How proud the thought that England is the stage,
Which shall re-echo with a nation's muster !

A DOVE-LIKE TEMPER.

GOD is our pattern in love and compassion ; we are well warranted to endeavour to be like him in this. Men esteem much more of some other virtues that make more show, and trample upon these—love and compassion and meekness. But though these violets grow low, and are of a dark colour, yet they are of a very sweet and diffusive smell—odoriferous graces, and the Lord propounds himself our example in them.

I HATE a style, as I do a garden that is wholly flat and regular, that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends ;
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the keen stroke bends ;
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath—

As if to token in her fall,
“Peace to her foes, and love to all.”
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns,
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again.

This spirit not to earth is given ;
One had it—but He came from heaven ;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made :
But when in death's deep pang, He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers—and died !

LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how creation's deep musical chorus,

Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stayeth its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.
"Labour is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;

Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in
tune!

Labour is rest from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow !
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
 thee !
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee !
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !
Work !—for some good—be it ever so slowly !
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly !
Labour ! All labour is noble and holy ;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

LET not the sweetness of contemplation be so
esteemed, that action be despised : Rachel was more
fair, Leah more fruitful. As contemplation is more
delightful, so it is more dangerous : Lot was upright
in the city, and wicked in the mountain.

OBEDIENCE.

IN the world nothing is more easy than to say our prayers, and to obey our superiors; and yet in the world there is nothing to which we are so unwilling as to prayer, and nothing seems so intolerable as obedience, for men esteem all laws to be fetters, and their superiors are their enemies: and when a command is given, we turn into all shapes of excuse to escape from the imposition; for either the authority is incompetent, or the law itself is not good; or it is impossible to be kept, or at least very inconvenient, and we are to be relieved in equity; or it does not bind in my particular case, or not now. Thus every man "snuffs up the wind, like the wild asses in the wilderness," and thinks that authority is an encroachment upon his birthright; and in the meantime never considers that Christ took upon Him our nature, that He might learn us obedience, and in that also make us become like unto God. He was pleased, at a great rate, to set forward this duty; and when Himself became obedient in the hardest point—"obedient unto death," and is now become the Author and Finisher of our obedience, as well as our faith, we must needs confess it very possible to obey the severest of the Divine laws, even to die if God commands.

And this great example is of universal influence in

the whole matter of obedience, for Christ did obey and suffer according to the commands of His superiors, under whose government He was placed. He kept the orders of the rulers, and the customs of the synagogues, the law of Moses and the rites of the temple; and by so doing he fulfilled all righteousness. Christ made no distinction in His obedience; but obeyed God "in all things," and those that God set over him "in all things according to God," and in things of religion most of all: because to obey was of itself a great instance of religion; and if ever religion comes to be pretended against obedience, in anything where our superior can command, it is imposture.

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

IF evil men speak good, or good men evil, of thy conversation, examine all thy actions, and suspect thyself; but if evil men speak evil of thee, hold it as thy honour, and by way of thankfulness, love them; but upon condition that they continue to hate thee.

COWARDICE.

THE veriest coward upon earth
Is he who fears the world's opinion,
Who acts with reference to its will,
His conscience swayed by its dominion.

Mind is not worth a feather's weight,
That must with other minds be measured.
Self must direct, and self control,
And the account in heaven be treasured.

Fear never sways a manly soul,
For honest hearts 'twas ne'er intended ;
They, only they, have cause to fear,
Whose motives have their God offended.

What will my neighbour say, if I
Should this attempt, or that, or t'other ?
A neighbour is most sure a foe,
If he prove not a helping brother.

That man is brave who braves the world,
When o'er life's sea his bark he steereth,
Who keeps the guiding star in view,
A conscience clear, which never veereth.

THE WAR-SPIRIT.

WAR-SPIRIT! War-spirit! how gorgeous thy path,
Pale earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of
wrath:

The King at thy beckoning comes down from his
throne,

To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild
cry,

While the fold of their banners gleams bright o'er the
sky.

Thy glories are sought till the life-throb is o'er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore;
'Mid the ruins of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time;
The muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And history her annals emblazons with thine.

War-spirit! War-spirit! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done—
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march by its features of pain,
While famine and pestilence stalked in thy train,
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul was the plague-spot of
hell.

Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-spirit! War-spirit! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the woe of our race;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Aceldama cease,
And yield the torn world to the angel of peace.



INANIMATE toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us when they have been our companions through various vicissitude. I have often viewed my watch, standish, snuff-box, with a kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are some men who do not deserve:

“Midst many faithless only faithful found.”

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

THE queen seemed to be created by nature to contrast with the king, and to attract for ever the interest and pity of ages to one of those state dramas, which are incomplete unless the miseries and misfortunes of a woman mingle in them. Daughter of Maria Theresa, she had commenced her life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of the children whom the Empress held by the hand when she presented herself as a suppliant before her faithful Hungarians, and the troops exclaimed, "We will die for our king, Maria Theresa." Her daughter, too, had the heart of a king. On her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the whole kingdom,—a beauty then in all its splendour. The two children whom she had given to the throne, far from impairing her good looks, added to the attractions of her person that character of maternal majesty which so well becomes the mother of a nation. The presentiment of her misfortunes, the recollection of the tragic scenes of Versailles, the uneasiness of each day somewhat diminished her youthful freshness. She was tall, slim, and graceful,—a real daughter of Tyrol. Her naturally majestic carriage in no way impaired the grace of her movements; her neck rising elegantly and distinctly from her shoulders gave expression to every attitude.

The woman was perceptible beneath the queen, the tenderness of heart was not lost in the elevation of her destiny. Her light-brown hair was long and silky; her forehead, high and rather projecting, was united to her temples by those fine curves which give so much delicacy and expression to that seat of thought or the soul in women; her eyes of that clear blue which recall the skies of the North or the waters of the Danube; an aquiline nose, with nostrils open and slightly projecting, where emotions palpitate and courage is evidenced; a large mouth, brilliant teeth, Austrian lips, that is, projecting and well-defined; an oval countenance, animated, varying, impassioned, and the *ensemble* of these features replete with that expression impossible to describe which emanates from the look, the shades, the reflections of the face, which encompasses it with an iris like that of the warm and tinted vapour which bathes objects in full sunlight—the extreme loveliness which the ideal conveys, and which by giving it life increases its attraction. With all these charms, a soul yearning to attach itself, a heart easily moved, but yet earnest in desire to fix itself; a pensive and intelligent smile, with nothing of vacuity in it, nothing of preference or mere acquaintanceship in it, because it felt itself worthy of friendships. Such was Marie-Antoinette as a woman.

THERE IS WORK FOR ALL.

THERE is work for all in this world of ours—
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers!
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health!
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth!
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot, in the noble's hall;
There is work for the wise and eloquent tongue,
There is work for the old, there is work for the
 young;
There is work that tasks manhood's strengthened zeal,
For his nation's welfare, his country's weal;
There is work that asks woman's gentle hand,
Her pitying eye, and her accents bland;
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly ball,
Is heard the loud cry—"There is work for all!"
Look at our brethren, toiling in chains,
There is work for all while a slave remains;
Think on the waste of human life,
In the deadly scenes of the battle strife;
Gaze on the drunkard's wife and child,
List to his ravings, so fierce and wild;
Look on the gibbet with shuddering eye,
As the place where a fellow-man may die;
Think on the felon in dungeon dim,
He is thy brother—go, work for him;

Look on the outcast from virtue's pale,
Pity thy sister, though erring and frail;
Visit the widow, the orphan, the old,
When the wind blows keen and the nights are cold;
Think of the poor in their low estate,
The toiling poor who make nations great;
Think of the sick, as they helpless lie;
Think of the maniac's frenzied eye;
And remember the grave with its long repose,
Which "no work, nor device, nor wisdom knows."
Let the motive be pure, and the aim be right,
What thy hand finds to do, do with all thy might,
For from every clime on this earthly ball
Is heard the loud cry—"There is work for all!"

THE same degree of penetration that shows you another in the wrong, shows him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior: hence the observation and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

BE KIND.

BE kind to the young!—in thy youth's merry day
Thou, too, hast been thoughtless and vain;
Oh, plant not a thorn in a flower-strown way
That may never be trodden again:
Enough of thorn yet in the pathway of life,
If they travel it long, they will find;
But dim not bright youth with the shadow of strife;
Be kind to the youthful—be kind.

Be kind to the aged—not long at thy side
Hath the travel-worn pilgrim to stay;
The frail thread of life will be shortly untied;
He is passing—soon passing away.
Oh, let him not deem that when summoned from earth,
He will leave but cold feelings behind;
Give him still a warm nook of thy heart and thy
hearth;
Be kind to the aged—be kind.

Be kind to the simple—although the full light
Of genius to thee may be given;
Yet look not with scorn, in the pride of thy might,
On a brother less favoured by heaven.
He is not to be blamed if the God-given ray
Hath but faintly illumined his mind;
Thine own may be quenched by a cloud on the way;
Be kind to the simple—be kind.

Be kind to the erring—full many a heart
Unkindness hath driven astray;
But the breath of reproach may but sharpen the smart
That first sent it out of the way.
Ye would not insult with a gibe or a sneer,
The maimed, or the halt, or the blind;
But the ills of the spirit are far more severe;
Be kind to thy fellow—be kind.

THE REIGN OF VIOLENCE IS O'ER.

THROUGH the silence over head
An angel with a trumpet said—
For evermore! for evermore!
The reign of violence is o'er!
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast;
And on from sphere to sphere the word
Re-echoed down the burning chords—
For evermore! for evermore!
The reign of violence is o'er.

THE POLKA AND THE WALTZ.

WHEN I speak of the dance as innocent and becoming, I do not include the present dances which have almost become national among us. I do not think the waltz a modest dance, nor the polka; nor can I view, without concern, the place which they have taken in the amusements of the day. The polka will probably be but an ephemeral fancy; and perhaps, before these pages see the light, it will be as warmly reprehended as a departed amusement usually is, by those who have ceased to consider it as fashionable. It will be then discovered, that the coarse familiarity of the polka was fit only for low society. The ladies who have practised it so diligently will learn too late how unbecoming to their looks, how derogatory to their dignity, how far from admirable it is in others, on whom they may happen to pass their observations.

The waltz is liable to fewer exceptions, because a degree of grace atones, as far as the *pleasing* is concerned, for many objectionable accompaniments of this dance. To enter upon the question *why* they are objectionable is not here desirable. It is enough to state, that when there can be two opinions on any amusement, when a shadow of reproach can even rest upon it, when a young lady may find herself obliged to defend waltzing, it is wise for her to abstain from

any diversion of a doubtful nature. Be not swayed by that which you hear urged by gentlemen—be not influenced by ridicule; let your amusements be characterized by the same correctness as your moments of repose. It is an error in woman ever to put it into the power of any one to question the propriety of what she does. At the same time, some peculiarity may now be attributed, some odium on others be implied, by abstaining from waltzing. The refusal should be given, however, firmly, and promptly, with delicacy, and deference to the different opinions of others. We have no right to say that we are better than others, or to attribute to them motives and sentiments which are wrong, because they do not think as we do. A young lady may waltz as innocently as she dances a quadrille; but, if her own innate sense of propriety be once shocked in the performance of the dance, she is culpable if she ever waltzes again.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long! Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest tokens only make me mourn;
Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy
staying:

Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying

Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long!

Linger not long! How I shall watch thy coming,

As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,

When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,

And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,

As night grows dark and darker on the hill!

How shall I weep when I can watch no longer;

Oh, art thou absent—art thou absent still!

Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,

Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest!

Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,

Flies to its haven of securest rest!

Linger not long!

THE SANDAL TREE.

Oh : many a lesson we may learn,
E'en from the flowers and trees,
That bloom beside the gentle burn,
And bend to evening breeze.

The modest lily of the vale
Whispers of humble worth ;
The sandals in the Indian dale
May teach the sons of earth.

When wounded, in return it throws
A balmy fragrance round,
And perfumes every breeze that blows
Across the Indian ground.

Would men but learn of that fair tree
The gentle law of love,
Soon this fair earth of ours would be
More like our home above.

METAPHOR AND SIMILE.

THE simile or comparison may be considered as differing in form only from a metaphor; the resemblance being in that case *stated*, which in the metaphor is implied. Each may be founded either on resemblance, strictly so called, i. e. *direct* resemblance between the objects themselves in question (as when we speak of *table-land*, or compare great waves to *mountains*), or on analogy, which is the resemblance of ratios—a similarity of the relations they bear to certain other objects; as when we speak of “the *light* of reason,” or of “revelation,” or compare a wounded and captive warrior to a stranded ship. The analogical metaphors and comparisons are both the more frequent and the more striking. They are the more frequent, because almost every object has such a multitude of relations of different kinds, to many other objects; and they are the more striking, because (as Dr. A. Smith has well remarked) the more remote and unlike in themselves any two objects are, the more is the mind impressed and gratified by the perception of some point in which they agree.

With respect to the *choice* between the metaphorical form and that of comparison, it may be laid down as a general rule, that the former is always to be preferred, whenever it is sufficiently simple and plain to

be immediately comprehended; but that which as a metaphor would sound obscure and enigmatical, may be well received if expressed as a comparison. We may say with propriety, that "Cromwell trampled on the laws;" it would sound flat to say that "he treated the laws with the same contempt as a man does anything which he tramples under his feet." On the other hand, it would be harsh to say, "the stranded vessel lay shaken by the waves," meaning the wounded chief tossing on the bed of sickness; it is therefore necessary, in such a case, to state the resemblance. But this is never to be done more fully than is necessary to perspicuity; because all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves, than at having it pointed out to them. And accordingly the greatest masters of this kind of style, when the case will not admit of pure metaphor, generally prefer a mixture of metaphor and simile; first pointing out the similitude, and afterwards employing metaphorical terms which imply it; or, vice versa, explaining a metaphor by a statement of the comparison. To take examples of both kinds from an author who particularly excels in this point (speaking of a morbid fancy);

——"Like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks the life-blood from the vein."*

The word *like* makes this a comparison; but the

* Rokeby

succeeding lines are metaphorical. Again, to take an instance of the other kind :—

“ They melted from the field, *as* snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.”*

Of the words here put in italics, the former is a metaphor, the latter introduces a comparison. Though the instances here adduced are taken from a poet, the judicious management of comparison which they exemplify, is even more essential to a prose writer, to whom less license is allowed in the employment of it. It is a remark of Aristotle that the simile is more suitable in poetry, and that metaphor is the only ornament of language in which the orator may freely indulge. He should therefore be the more careful to bring a simile as near as possible to the metaphorical form.

Of metaphors, those generally conduce most to energy or vivacity of style, which illustrate an *intellectual*, by a *sensible* object; the latter being always the most familiar to the mind, and generally giving the most distinct impression to it. But the highest degree of energy (and that to which Aristotle chiefly restricts the term) is produced by such metaphors as attribute *life* and *action* to things inanimate; and that, even when by this means the last-mentioned rule is violated, i. e. when sensible objects are illustrated by intellectual.

* Marmion.

THE HASTY WORD.

WE are too swift to judge the hasty word
Called forth, may be, by jarring some fine chord
We have too roughly handled. Swifter we speak
Our scornful, bitter thoughts; the bloodless cheek
May fail to tell how keen the shaft hath been:
No quivering of the tutored lip is seen
To tell how sure the vengeance. But the heart,—
Could we but raise its veil, then should we start
As if a charnel-vault revealed its store
Of lifeless forms, in trappings that they wore,
Ere Death's cold care had claimed them. We should
hear.

Wailings of smothered anguish, though no tear
May tell it to the world, sounding amid
The forms of mournful memories that lie hid
In Time's dark treasure-house. The world,—it hath
Too little joy upon its thorny path,
That we should scorn to heed another's pain.
Like sunshine breaking through the summer-rain
Is the sweet bond of kindness, brightly thrown
On life's dark clouds, forming a heavenly zone;
And fairest in the stormiest sky appears,
Weaving a web of beauty, e'en from tears.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

RULER of earth, and God of heaven,
By the blessings thou hast given,
Richly to these favored lands,
Turned to curses in our hands ;
By the desolating arts,
Ruined souls and broken hearts,
Pleasures turned to pains, and smiles
To tears, in these our native isles,
With thy strength, and by thy aid
To support the effort made—
We renounce the bowl—and never
Taste the drunkard's draught—for ever.

Ruler of earth, and God of heaven,
By the blessings thou hast given—
Smiling skies and blooming earth,
To all who taste their taintless worth ;
By the days of peace and health,
By the intellectual wealth,
And the deep domestic bliss
Which the temperate still possess—
With thy strength, and by thy aid
To support the effort made—
We renounce the bowl—and never
Taste the drunkard's draught—for ever.

Ruler of earth, and God of heaven,
 By the blessings thou hast given—
 Turned to poison on the lips!
 By the reason's dread eclipse!
 By the drunkard's dying groans!
 By his wretched widow's moans!
 By his helpless orphan's cry,
 Ascending to thy throne on high—
 With thy strength, and by thy aid
 To support the effort made—
 We renounce the bowl—and never
 Taste the drunkard's draught—for ever!

Ruler of earth, and God of heaven!
 By the blessings thou hast given
 To support the weak, and cheer
 The humblest of thy creatures here;
 By the hearts with purer fire
 Filled, who yet may dare aspire
 To thy glorious throne above,
 There to sing of joy and love—
 With thy strength, and by thy aid
 To support the effort made—
 We renounce the bowl—and never
 Taste the drunkard's draught—for ever!

HURRAH FOR THE MIND-MARCH!

HURRAH for the Mind-March! the music
That stirs among nations of brave;
That wakes them to war by the spirit,
And sets up the soul o'er the glaive!
That sheaths the old sword of the tyrant,
To revel in peace with the free;
And calls upon truth as its syren
To warble in liberty's tree!

Oh, Mind leapeth forth from her scabbard,
More bright than her weapon of blood!
And weddeth her strength unto justice,
And getteth her glory from good!
Hers, hers is the battle of heaven,
That staineth not corn-field or wave—
The people's true music loud given,
To stir up their nations of brave.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

HOME.

SCARCELY in our English language
Can be found a word more sweet,
Than the one our childhood's lisps
Learn so early to repeat;
From the humble, toiling peasant,
To the queen upon her throne,
Not a heart but beats responsive
To the magic spells of Home.

Birthplace of the soul's affections!
Light is thy unchanging dower,
As the light is to the sunbeam,
And sweet odours to the flower;
Love unseen, but ever present,
Like the free, unfettered air,
Unperceived by outward vision,
Yet we breathe it everywhere.

Home! all charms around thee twining,
Bind us to the sacred spot;
Earliest scene of fond remembrance,
And the last to be forgot.
Pole-star of the wandering stranger!
Wheresoe'er his footsteps roam,
Turns his heart, with strong attraction,
To the blessed light of Home.

All things fair, or good, or noble,
Round the hearth-stone may be found;
There the wife and mother dwelleth,
Spreading happiness around.
Laughing childhood sports beside her,
With its bright and beaming eye,
Smiling love to all around it,
Like a sunbeam from the sky.

Age with locks of silvery whiteness,
Guides the trembling steps of youth,
In the pleasant ways of Wisdom,
And the sacred paths of Truth.
Manhood's soul of noble daring,
Shows what trophies may be won
On the battle-field of Progress,
And to action leads them on.

Home! the nursery of nations;
Brightest hopes of future good
Rest upon thy mission being
Better known and understood.
It is thine to train the HOWARDS,
And the HAMPDENS of our race;
Thine to teach a MILTON'S firmness,
And a SYDNEY'S polished grace.

Thine to train a nation's daughters
For their duties pure and high;
Thine to teach their power to vanquish
Many an ill o'er which they sigh.

In the happy fireside circle,
Woman's genius must be taught;
HEAD as well as *heart* instructed
In the claims by duty brought.

Then will "they who rock the cradle,"
Fitted be "to rule the world;"

Then 'gainst every form of evil
Will a mighty power be hurled;
For the MIND of coming ages,
WOMAN's touch will form and mould;
She can crush the buds of evil,
And the germs of good unfold.

Happier than the sage of yore,
We *have* power to move the world;
Wider spread the glad Evangel,
Be the sacred Page unfurled;
This the lever—but it rests not
'Neath the temple's swelling dome;
If the world move on and upward,
It must rest in Home, sweet Home!

REAL HUMILITY.

HUMILITY makes saints on earth. It is the parent of meekness, the most excellent natural cure for anger. He that, by daily considering his own infirmities and failings, makes the error of his neighbour to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities, or misfortunes, or indiscretions of another; greater than which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty of. But remember that humility consists not in railing against thyself, wearing mean clothes, or going softly and submissively, but in hearty and real evil or mean opinion of thyself. Believe thyself an unworthy person heartily, as thou believest thyself to be hungry, or poor, or sick when thou art so: and whatsoever evil thou sayest of thyself, be content that others should think to be true: and if thou callest thyself fool, be not angry if another say so of thee. He is an hypocrite that accuses himself before others, with an intent not to be believed. Love to be concealed, and little esteemed: be content to want praise, never being troubled when thou art slighted or undervalued; for thou canst not undervalue thyself, and if thou thinkest so meanly as there is reason, no contempt will seem unreasonable, and there-

fore it will be very tolerable. Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them; and when there is an occasion to speak of them, such an occasion as would invite you to speak of anything that pleases you, omit it not, but speak as readily and indifferently of thy meanness as of thy greatness.

HAPPINESS.

THE sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee,
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.



P E A C E.

LET there be Peace. How long shall cursed War
Trample with iron heel the verdant earth,
And cannon feed on God-created man?
Is death so slow in slaying, that we thus
Such devilish arts and hellish arms devise

To aid his sad exterminating work,
Unpeopling the kingdoms? Let us not
Thus play a game at which even winners lose—
No longer broadcast sow the bloody seed
Whence bitterest harvests spring. The bloodless pen,
Books, reasons, arbitration, arguments—
Let these fight future battles; let our strife
Be henceforth only but for precedence
I' th' onward march of love. Both great and famed
Have been the warlike nations. Greater still,
More prosperous and more famous she will be
Who first shall sheath the desolating sword,
And teach the nations Peace and Harmony.

O, AGONY! KEEN AGONY.

O, AGONY! keen agony,
For trusting heart, to find
That vows believed, were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that's proud and high,
To learn of fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loth to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

ODE TO DUTY.

*"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere
solum, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."*

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:

Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet find thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

BROTHERLY LOVE.

GIVE me thy hand, brother—give me thy hand,
But not as thy fathers did, dripping with gore ;
Dash down the gauntlet, and shiver the brand,
But not in the fashion they did so of yore ;
Throw away war's array, and let us prove
Which has the heart that is strongest in love.

Art thou of France, where the vine-blossoms cluster,
Bathed in the dewy shower, kissed by the sun ?
Art thou of France, where the fair maidens muster,
To dance with their swains when their labour is
done ?

Then give me thy hand, for my heart can agree
To bless all that's good in thy nation with thee.

Oh, say, wert thou nurtured on Uri's wild hills,
Where the dark pine trees wave by the cottage of
Tell ;

Or didst thou first bathe in Geneva's bright rills,
And gather the foxglove and fern on its fells ?
Then give me thy hand, and the heath-flower in mine,
Shall a love-token bloom on that bonnet of thine.

Dost thou come from Columbia, afar o'er the deep,
Where the forest its requiem sings in the storm ;
Where the bison and elk o'er the broad prairie sweep,
And the hero of labour has conquered a farm ?
Ah, then come away, as a brother should come,
For our fathers had birth in the same island-home.

Dost thou come from the west, where the zephyr at
eve,

Sighs over the plains that are laden with balm ;
Dost thou come from the east, where the pariahs
grieve,

In their outcast retreats, 'neath the leaves of the
palm ?

In the bright sunny south, or in Borean night ;
Say, brother, where smileth thy home of delight ?

Oh, I care not whence come you, or whither you
dwell,

In the west or the east, in the south or the north ;
Be thy skin of the darkest—thy home on the fell—

I care not, I only know manhood and worth.
Then thy hand, brother man ; and, oh, let us prove
Whose heart is the strongest in “brotherly love.”



i.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A YOUNG, but already influential, female had lent to the constitutional party the *prestige* of her youth, her genius, and her enthusiasm—it was Madame de Stael. Necker's daughter, she had inspired politics from her birth. Her mother's *salon* had been the *cænaculum* of the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Condorcet, had played with this child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was that of the Revolution. Her father's popularity had played about her lips, and left there an inextinguishable thirst for fame. She sought it in the storms of the populace, in calumny, and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her

heart deeply impassioned. A man in her energy, a woman in her tenderness, that the ideal of her ambition should be satisfied, it was necessary for her to associate in the same character genius, glory, and love.

Nature, education, and fortune rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. Born in a republic, educated in a court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to the literary world by talent, to the aristocracy by rank, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribune by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty, unseen by the million, required intellect to be admired, and admiration to be felt. Hers was not the beauty of form and features, but visible inspiration and the manifestation of passionate impulse. Attitude, gesture, tone of voice, look—all obeyed her mind, and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes, flashing with fire, gave out from beneath their long lids as much tenderness as pride. Her look, so often lost in space, was followed by those who knew her, as if it were possible to find with her the inspiration she sought. That gaze, open, yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration. We felt that the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mine of tenderness of heart. Thus there was a

secret love in all the admiration she excited ; and she, in admiration, cared only for love. Love with her was but enlightened admiration.

Events rapidly ripened ; ideas and things were crowded into her life : she had no infancy. At twenty-two years of age she had maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Capable of bold conceptions and complicated designs, she could contain in her bosom at the same time a lofty idea and a deep feeling. Like the women of old Rome who agitated the republic by the impulses of their hearts, or who exalted or depressed the empire with their love, she sought to mingle her feelings with her politics, and desired that the elevation of her genius should elevate him she loved. Her sex precluded her from that open action which public position, the tribune, or the army only accord to men in public governments ; and thus she compulsorily remained unseen in the events she guided. To be the hidden destiny of some great man, to act through and by him, to grow with his greatness, be eminent in his name, was the sole ambition permitted to her—an ambition tender and devoted, which seduces a woman whilst it suffices to her disinterested genius. She could only be the mind and inspiration of some political man ; she sought such a one, and in her delusion believed she had found him.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

HE is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o'er the lea.
He is fled, the light-hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
To his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!
Like a gallant so free,
Plumed cap on his head,
And sharp sword by his knee,
While his gay feathers fluttered,
Surely something he muttered,
He at least must have uttered
A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away
To far lands o'er the sea,—
And long is the day
Ere home he can be;
But where'er his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree;
But his heart is of stone
If it ne'er dream of me!
For I dream of him ever:
His buff-coat and beaver,
And long sword, O, never
Are absent from me!

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of years,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs—
“Time is the warp of life,” he said; “O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well.”

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled—
From the cold grave, the hollow murmur flowed,
“Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode.”

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke—
I asked him, “What is time?” “Time,” he replied,
“I've lost it; oh, the treasure!” and he died.

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years—
They told me time was but a meteor's glare,
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground—
And they replied (what oracle more wise)
“'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize.”

I asked a spirit lost—but O the shriek
That pierced my soul—I shudder while I speak—
It cried, “A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite.”

I asked my bible, and methinks it said,
“Thine is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live, live to-day, to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.”

Of things inanimate, my dial, I
Consulted, and it gave me this reply—
“Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell.”

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel that shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land.
"By heaven's Great King I swear the mystery's o'er—
Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more!"

SPAIN.

ADIEU, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood!
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:
Here all were noble, save nobility;
None hugged a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry!

Such be the sons of Spain, and, strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slave of treachery;
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life :
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWER.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he,
“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed on the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
And them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,"

The reaper said and smiled ;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where once He was a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care ;

And saints, upon their garments white,

These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,

The reaper came that day—

'Twas an angel visited the green earth,

And took the flowers away.



COLL'ALTO.

In this neglected mirror (the broad frame

Of massy silver serves to testify

That many a noble matron of the house

Has sat before it) once, alas ! was seen

What led to many sorrows. From that time

The bat came hither for a sleeping place ;
And he, that cursed another in his heart,
Said, "Be thy dwelling, through the day and night,
Shunned like Coll'alto."

'Twas in that old pile,
Which flanks the cliff with its gray battlements
Flung here and there, and, like an eagle's nest,
Hangs in the Trevisan, that thus the steward,
Shaking his locks, the few that Time had left,
Addressed me, as we entered what was called
"My Lady's Chamber." On the walls, the chairs,
Much yet remained of the rich tapestry ;
Much of the adventures of Sir Lancelot
In the green glades of some enchanted wood.
The toilet-table was of silver wrought,
Florentine art, when Florence was renowned ;
A gay confusion of the elements,
Dolphins and boys, and shells and fruits and flowers :
And from the ceiling, in his gilded cage,
Hung a small bird of curious workmanship,
That, when his mistress bade him, would unfold
(So says the babbling dame, Tradition, there)
His emerald-wings, and sing and sing again
The song that pleased her. While I stood and looked,
A gleam of day yet lingering in the west,
The steward went on. She had ('tis now long since)
A gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Fair as a lily, and as spotless too ;
None so admired, beloved. They had grown up
As play-fellows ; and some there were, that said,

Some that knew much, discoursing of Cristine,
"She is not what she seems." When unrequired,
She would steal forth ; her custom, her delight,
To wander through and through an ancient grove
Self-planted half-way down, losing herself
Like one in love with sadness ; and her veil
And vesture white, seen ever in that place,
Ever as surely as the hours came round,
Among those reverend trees, gave her below
The name of The White Lady. But the day
Is gone, and I delay thee.

In that chair

The Countess, as it might be now, was sitting,
Her gentle serving-maid, the fair Cristine,
Combing her golden hair ; and through this door
The Count, her lord, was hastening, called away
By letters of great urgency to Venice ;
When in the glass she saw, as she believed
('Twas an illusion of the Evil One—
Some say he came and crossed it at the time),
A smile, a glance at parting, given and answered,
That turned her blood to gall. That very night
The deed was done. That night, ere yet the moon
Was up on Monte Calvo, and the wolf
Baying as still he does (oft is he heard,
An hour and more, by the old turret-clock),
They led her forth, the unhappy lost Cristine,
Helping her down in her distress—to die.

No blood was spilt ; no instrument of death
Lurked—or stood forth, declaring its bad purpose ;

Nor was a hair of her unblemished head
Hurt in that hour. Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
She was walled up within the castle-wall.
The wall itself was hollowed secretly ;
Then closed again, and done to line and rule.
Would'st thou descend ?—'Tis in a darksome vault
Under the chapel : and there nightly now,
As in the narrow niche, when smooth and fair,
And as though nothing had been done or thought,
The stone-work rose before her, till the light
Glimmered and went—there, nightly at that hour
(Thou smilest, and would it were an idle tale !)
In her white veil and vesture white she stands
Shuddering—her eyes uplifted, and her hands
Joined as in prayer ; then, like, a Blessed Soul
Bursting the tomb, springs forward, and away
Flies o'er the woods and mountains. Issuing forth,
The hunter meets her in his hunting-track ;
The shepherd on the heath, starting, exclaims
(For still she bears the name she bore of old)
'Tis the White Lady !

MADAME ROLAND.

YOUNG, lovely, radiant with genius, recently married to a man of serious mind, who was touching on old age, and but recently mother of her first child, Madame Roland was born in that intermediary condition in which families scarcely emancipated from manual labour are, it may be said, amphibious between the labourer and the tradesman, and retain in their manners the virtues and simplicity of the people, whilst they already participate in the lights of society. The period in which aristocracies fall is that in which nations regenerate. The sap of the people is there. In this was born Jean Jacques Rousseau, the virile type of Madame Roland. A portrait of her when a child represents a young girl in her father's workshop, holding in one hand a book, and in the other an engraving tool. This picture is the symbolic definition of the social condition in which Madame Roland was born, and the precise moment between the labour of her hands and her mind.

Her father, Gratien Philippon, was an engraver and painter in enamel. He joined to these two professions that of a trade in diamonds and jewels. He was a man always aspiring higher than his abilities allowed, and a restless speculator, who incessantly destroyed

his modest fortune in his efforts to extend it in proportion to his ambitious yearnings. He adored his daughter, and could not, for her sake, content himself with the perspective of the workshop. He gave her an education of the highest degree, and nature had conferred upon her a heart for the most elevated destinies. We need not say what dreams, misery, and misfortunes men with such characters invariably bring upon their honest families.

The young girl grew up in this atmosphere of luxuriant imagination and actual wretchedness. Endowed with a premature judgment, she early detected these domestic miseries, and took refuge in the good sense of her mother from the illusions of her father and her own presentiments of the future.

Marguerite Bimont (her mother's name) had brought her husband a calm beauty, and a mind very superior to her destiny, but angelic piety and resignation armed her equally against ambition and despair. The mother of seven children, who had all died in the birth, she concentrated in her only child all the love of her soul. Yet this very love guarded her from any weakness in the education of her daughter. She preserved the nice balance of her heart and her mind; of her imagination and her reason. The mould in which she formed this youthful mind was graceful; but it was of brass. It might have been said that she foresaw the destinies of her child, and infused into the mind of the young girl that masculine spirit which forms heroes and inspires martyrs.

Nature lent herself admirably to the task, and had endowed her pupil with an understanding even superior to her dazzling beauty. This beauty of her earlier years, of which she has herself traced the principal features with infinite ingenuousness in the more sprightly pages of her memoirs, was far from having gained the energy, the melancholy, and the majesty which she subsequently acquired from repressed love, high thought, and misfortune.

A tall and supple figure, flat shoulders, a prominent bust, raised by a free and strong respiration, a modest and most becoming demeanour, that carriage of the neck which bespeaks intrepidity, black and soft hair, blue eyes, which appeared brown in the depth of their reflection, a look which like her soul passed rapidly from tenderness to energy, the nose of a Grecian statue, a rather large mouth, opened by a smile as well as speech, splendid teeth, a turned and well-rounded chin gave to the oval of her features that voluptuous and feminine grace without which even beauty does not elicit love, a skin marbled with the animation of life, and veined by blood which the least impression sent mounting to her cheeks, a tone of voice which borrowed its vibrations from the deepest fibres of her heart, and which was deeply modulated to its finest movements (a precious gift, for the tone of voice, which is the channel of emotion in a woman, is the medium of persuasion in the orator, and by both these titles nature owed her the charm of voice, and had bestowed it on her freely). Such at eighteen years of age was

the portrait of this young girl, whom obscurity long kept in the shade, as if to prepare for life or death a soul more strong, and a victim more perfect.

WHAT IS NOBLE?

WHAT is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit,
Higher yet than these for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There is dignity in labour,
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!

He who seeks the mind's improvement,
Aids the world in aiding mind.
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread—
There is labour, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour;
There is genius, still extending
Science and its world of power!

'Mid the dust and speed and clamour
Of the loom-shed and the mill;
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,
Industry is not ashamed

What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still:
E'en through scorn's malignant glances,
Prove him *poorest* of his clan—
He's the *noble* who advances
Freedom, and the cause of man.

WORK AWAY!

Work away!

For the *Master's* eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,

Night and day!

Work away!

Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!

Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb,
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the *Master* to behold:

Work away!

Work away!

For the Leader's eye is on us,

Never off us, still upon us,

Night and day!

Wild the trackless prairies round us,

Dark and unsunned woods surround us,

Steep and savage mountains bound us;

Far away

Smile the soft savannahs green,

Rivers sweep and roll between:

Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;

Smite the forests 'till the blue

Of heaven's sunny eye looks through

Every wild and tangled glade;

Jungle, swamp, and thicket shade,

Give to day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,

Pioneers! Upon the ridges

Widen, smooth the rocky stair—

They that follow far behind,

Coming after, will find

Harder, easier, resting there;

Heart to heart and hand with hand,

From the dawn to dusk o'day,

Work away!

Work away!

For *The Father's* eye is on us,

Never off us, still upon us,

Night and day!

Work and pray!

Pray! and work will be completer;

Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;

Love! and prayer and work the fleeter

Will ascend upon their way!

Fear not, lest the busy finger

Weave a net the soul to stay;

Give her wings—she will not linger,

Soaring to the source of day;

Cleaving clouds that still divide us

From the azure depths of rest,

She will come again! beside us,

With the sunshine on her breast,

Sit and sing to us, while quickest

On their task the fingers move,

While the outward din wars thickest,

Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in future as in present;

Work for both while yet the day

Is our own! for lord and peasant,

Loud and bright as summer's day,

Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,

Cometh soon our holiday,

Work away!

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old
times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas
chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and
true
That dipped their ladle in the punch, when this old
bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the
ancient tale,—
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was
like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his
strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old
Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire, to please his
loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the
same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock, another twig was
found,
'Twas filled with caudle, spiced and hot, and handed
smoking round.

But changing hands, it reached at length a puritan
divine
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, per-
haps,
He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and
schnaps.

And then, of course you know what's next,—it left the
Dutchman's shore,
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred
souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand,—at least a hundred
loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing
dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl and filled it to
the brim;
20 *

The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his
sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the
board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never
feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his
yellow beard,
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought
and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man
afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming
eagle flew;
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's
wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to
kith and kin,
“Run from the white man when you find he smells of
Hollands gin.”

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their
leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's
nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth
or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her part-
ing boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,—poor
child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench out in the midnight
air;
And if,—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep
away the chill."
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night
at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you there was generous warmth in good ol'
English cheer;
I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol
here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess. Hast thou a
drunken soul?
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver
bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet
fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its
towers,—
Nay this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow
moist and dim
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around
its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight
to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;

And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the
sin

That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear,
where *have* you been?"



THE COLISEUM.

ARCHES on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moon-beams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

REBEKAH.

THE character of Rebekah, the wife who was destined to console the filial grief of Isaac, is curious and instructive, for the extraordinary contrast it exhibits at different periods. It has been remarked by a very profound thinker, that "no two individuals are more dissimilar than the same person may be at different periods of life." It is impossible to pronounce definitely of the excellencies of poor human nature. Inconsistencies, contrasts, contradictions, and anomalies, go to make up the characters of the erring children of men. The page of fiction delights to paint perfection and emblazon uninterrupted excellence; the page of truth rarely shows any such exhibition, but plainly reveals that error and frailty mingle largely even in the most amiable human characters.

A beautiful pastoral simplicity pervades the whole interesting narrative of the circumstances that lead to Rebekah becoming the wife of Isaac.* Abraham determines to take a wife for his son from among the daughters of his kindred, and therefore sends a confidential God-fearing servant to Mesopotamia to execute this important commission. The servant is bound by a solemn oath to obey his master's commands, and sets forth in the spirit of obedience and prayer.

* Gen. xxiv.

Arriving at eventide near the city where his master's kindred dwelt, he prayed that God would give him a sign to enable him to know which among the damsels, who at that time of the day were in the habit of coming to draw water, he should select for a wife for Isaac. The sign the pious servant prayed for was—"Let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac."*

The young Rebekah, of the kindred of Abraham, the cousin of Isaac, in all the grace of loveliness and simplicity, with her pitcher on her shoulder, came to draw water; and we are more charmed with the courtesy and ready benevolence of the maiden's disposition than with the account of her mere personal beauty, when we read of her answering the request of the thirsting traveller, by hastening to present her pitcher, saying, "Drink, my lord." The charm of the act was in its readiness. It was the free benevolent courtesy of native politeness, "a grace beyond the reach of art;" and then "*she ran*," and drew water for the camels also. The comprehensive kindness of her womanly heart extended to the weary beasts; she "drew for all his camels," until they had done drinking: prompt as well as kind. Oh! who can tell the merit of *prompt* kindness? excuses and delays mar

* Gen. xxiv. 14.

the value of many a kind action. It is not surprising that the confidential messenger of Abraham "wondered at" the active maiden, and, when he learned she was the kinswoman of his venerable master, he was filled with gratitude at the auspicious events that had conducted him to her.

With what astonishment and delight must the household of Bethuel (Rebekah's father, and Abraham's nephew) have received the guest who came to tell them of the Lord's gracious dealings to their distinguished relative! We can imagine the excitement the tidings produced, and the emotions that would be aroused by the statement of the object of the messenger's visit. The solemn recognition of the hand of God, in leading him there, and granting the sign which indicated Rebekah as the future wife approved by Deity for the chosen son of his servant Abraham; these must have had their full weight in inspiring Rebekah with a spirit of pious confidence, and securing the full acquiescence of her kindred. Indeed, the feeling of perfect trust was so strongly manifested in the earnest youthful enthusiasm of Rebekah, that when her parents and brother had consented she should leave them for another home, and new connexions and duties, pleading only for a little delay, "ten days," Rebekah herself being appealed to, she frankly acquiesced in the messenger's request, "Hinder me not;" and, with a confidence as prompt as had been her kindness of the preceding day, determined for immediate departure on the journey that was to decide her future destiny.

A frank simplicity, at once guileless and decisive, was at that time evidently the leading characteristic of Rebekah.

The interest of the charming narrative increases as we trace the returning journey of the successful ambassador; Rebekah, attended by her nurse, accompanying him. There is another evening scene, sketched with the comprehensive brevity of Scripture. The serene hour of day's decline had come, and Isaac, with the pensive gentleness that marked his character, had walked out into the fields to meditate. The serenity of the calm eventide was soothing to the bereaved filial heart of Isaac. In the midst of his contemplations, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld the approaching cavalcade of travellers and their camels. The eyes of Rebekah, probably sharpened by natural anxiety, had also beheld the lonely meditative stranger. Her confidence, before so frank, was now mingled with gentle maidenly reserve. "She lighted off her camel," and learning it was—even as her throbbing heart had whispered—her future husband who was coming towards them, "she took a veil and covered herself." The prompt ingenuousness of Rebekah's character was not wanting in the graceful accompaniments of modesty and reserve; and the highest deference Isaac could pay to the fair stranger, who had consented to unite her destiny to his, was to celebrate his nuptials in the abode where his revered and lamented mother had dwelt. Not in that residence would the affectionate and virtuous Isaac have installed an unworthy suc-

cessor. The dwelling that had been the scene of his grief and desolation, was to behold his consolation:—"and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Thus far the history of Rebekah is a delightful picture—benevolent, frank, confiding, modest, it presents a sweet and instructive lesson. The quality of perfect frankness is scarcely so much practised among women, as sincere and truthful persons could desire. There seems a fear that becoming reserve, and womanly delicacy, could not comport with ingenuous frankness. But this is one of the unworthy fallacies so often interwoven in woman's social creed. Purity, delicacy, bashful reserve, are not mere outward evidences of propriety, exhibited in obedience to the conventionalisms of an artificial state of society; they ought to be the inward adorning of the mind; and then, when no unworthy thought finds willing shelter in the soul, there is little fear that frank sincerity, honest openheartedness, should derogate from feminine delicacy. Perfect purity of mind must produce perfect propriety of manners.

For a long period, Rebekah fully merited the deep affection of her husband, for it is evident the crowning glory of personal piety was added to her former merits. When depressed by physical suffering, previous to the birth of her twin sons, we have a beautiful instance of her devout spirit. She laid her trouble before the Hearer of prayer, and "went to inquire of the Lord." The same prompt decision that had marked her character in her early history, directed her spiritual

aspirations. She uttered no complaint to human ears, she indulged no gloomy fears, or reckless impatience, but inquired of the Lord; and thus afforded a memorable example to her sex, in all their numerous troubles, to "go and do likewise."

The birth of the twin brothers Esau and Jacob, became, in consequence of the culpable favouritism of each parent, a very doubtful blessing. The father loved Esau, the mother loved Jacob. Oh! how often does capricious human affection pervert the blessings of a benignant Providence! No domestic wrongs can possibly be of more injurious consequences than favouritism. The family where this prevails has a root of bitterness that defies eradication. The errors of Esau, and the unbrotherly feeling of Jacob, may be traced to one source, the favouritism of their parents. For it is the sure effect of this fatal error, that it lays the foundation of hatred between those "whom Nature knit at birth." Esau's rough character, seemingly undisciplined by the influence of maternal gentleness—his apparently unworthy undervaluing of his privilege of birthright—a distinction so highly prized in patriarchal times—sanctions the inference, that maternal tenderness and counsels had not exerted much power over him; while Jacob's so readily taking advantage of his brother's weariness and hunger to purchase his birthright from him,* is a proof that he envied the regard which the father showed to Esau. Unhappy family! The jarring elements of dissension

* Gen. xxv. 29—34.

and envy were busily at work; no wonder that they ultimately broke up and dispersed the circle, whose members, but for these feelings, might have dwelt together in mutual harmony.

Whoever thoughtfully reads the description of Rebekah's early character, cannot fail to be impressed with the great change that takes place in her moral qualities as years advance. The frank, sincere, guileless Rebekah becomes changed into the ingenious dissembler, capable not only of conceiving a subtle project, but of teaching her son the lesson of iniquity. We have here again another instance of human presumption, thinking by its culpable instrumentality to bring about the designs of Omnipotence. The special paternal blessing was intended by Providence to descend to Jacob, but the designs of the Most High needed no impatient guilty anticipation by erring human agents. Rebekah, beguiled by temptation into injustice and deception, determined by cunning to obtain the desired blessing. She instructed her favourite son, Jacob, how to deceive his blind, infirm father, by counterfeiting the personal peculiarities of his brother. It is just to Jacob to remember that he entered unwillingly into this plot—that the thought of deceiving his infirm parent was painful to him. He remonstrated: "My father peradventure will feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing. And his mother said unto him, Upon me be thy curse, my son: only obey

my voice.”* We read with grief, not unmingled with indignation, of the cunning plan of covering the hands and neck of Jacob with the skin of the kid, and thus counterfeiting the hairy Esau, by which Isaac was deceived. The words, “The voice is Jacob’s voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau,”† must have been a sentence that thrilled through the consciences of mother and son. Their deception passed for the time, the special blessing was obtained,—but then came the fearful consequences. Punishment followed quick on the domestic treason. And though the blessing, being originally designed by Providence for the younger son, was not withdrawn in consequence of the unjustifiable manner in which it was obtained, yet, doubtless, the deceit practised was followed by consequences that would never have resulted had the Lord’s own way and time been submissively and faithfully waited for. The bitter anguish of Esau at the cruel injustice he had suffered, and the known impetuosity of his character, made the wretched mother entertain fears for the life of her favourite son. The dread of Esau’s vengeance haunted her continually, and maternal vigilance penetrated into the vengeful thoughts of the ill-treated brother. “Esau thought in his heart,” that after the days of mourning for his father were ended he would kill the “supplanter.”

With all haste Rebekah sent off her son Jacob to the habitation of her brother Laban, the home of her own

* Gen. xxvii. 12, 13.

† Ib. xxvii. 22.

youth. It is worthy of note that the deceit practised on Isaac had destroyed mutual confidence between the parents of Esau and Jacob. Rebekah, keeping her fears in her agitated bosom, assigned as a reason for Jacob's departure that he should seek a wife among her kindred. Isaac acquiesced in the alleged reason. No allusion was made to the past,—but it is evident, confidence, the corner-stone of domestic happiness, was gone. We can well imagine the anxious, tender, erring mother's feelings, when her beloved son departed alone on his perilous journey: Esau alienated from her; Isaac, her husband, afflicted and estranged; his age embittered by household treachery; Jacob a lonely fugitive. How must remorse have preyed upon her heart! Hers was a grief she could confide to no one—a sorrow all the more unendurable because it was deserved and self-produced. And mark the sequel. She beheld her favourite son no more. She sent him away for a brief period, “a few days,” as she fondly—hopefully expressed it; but long and weary years were appointed unto Jacob, and his mother's house was desolate.

We hear, years after, of Jacob being reconciled to Esau, and of both sons piously uniting in the burial of their father Isaac;* but of Rebekah we hear no more.

This portion of holy writ is one of those narrations that should never be read by young persons without

* Gen. xxxv. 27—29.

an explanation and reference to consequences being given them. The moral is not obvious to the youthful mind, unless the miserable result is shown them in the maternal sorrows of Rebekah.

Though Jacob acted under his mother's direction, and in obedience to her strict commands, he was not guiltless in the transaction, neither was he exempted from its consequences. There is every reason to believe that during his lonely journey a salutary self-examination had led to repentance. Hence we read of his being favoured with the glorious dream of the heavenly ladder, and also the pious covenant so fervently entered into by Jacob :* "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on ; so that I come again to my father's house in peace : then shall the Lord be my God." Still, it is very instructive to mark that Jacob, during his after life, suffered much from the sin of deception being practised towards him. Thus, his father-in-law Laban cruelly deceived him in the first engagement he entered into with him ; and, in his latter years, his own sons also united in a vile conspiracy to deceive him with reference to their brother Joseph. Thus the retributive hand of Providence often deals out to man, even in this world, that same measure of evil which he has meted out to others.

* Gen. xxviii. 20.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch,
That suits a summer's noon ;

Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee :

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears :
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

But we are pressed by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own ;
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains.

And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee !"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side ;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

AN ADVENTURE.

THREE days they lay in ambush at my gate,
Then sprung and led me captive. Many a wild
We traversed; but Rusconi, 'twas no less,
Marched by my side, and, when I thirsted, climbed
The cliffs for water; though, whene'er he spoke,
'Twas briefly, sullenly; and on he led,
Distinguished only by an amulet,
That in a golden chain hung from his neck,
A crystal of rare virtue. Night fell fast,
When on a heath, black and immeasurable,
He turned and bade them halt. 'Twas where the
earth

Heaves o'er the dead—where erst some Alaric
Fought his last fight, and every warrior threw
A stone to tell for ages where he lay.

Then all advanced, and ranging in a square,
Stretched forth their arms as on the holy cross,
From each to each their sable cloaks extending,
That, like the solemn hangings of a tent,

Covered us round; and in the midst I stood,
Weary and faint, and face to face with one,
Whose voice, whose look dispenses life and death,
Whose heart knows no relentings. Instantly
A light was kindled, and the Bandit spoke.
"I know thee. Thou hast sought us, for the sport
Slipping thy blood-hounds with a hunter's cry;
And thou hast found at last. Were I as thou,
I in thy grasp as thou art now in ours,
Soon should I make a midnight-spectacle,
Soon, limb by limb, be mangled on a wheel,
Then gibbeted to blacken for the vultures.
But I would teach thee better—how to spare.
Write as I dictate. If thy ransom comes,
Thou livest. If not—but answer not, I pray,
Lest thou provoke me. I may strike thee dead;
And know, young man, it is an easier thing
To do it than to say it. Write, and thus."—

I wrote. "'Tis well," he cried. "A peasant-boy,
Trusty and swift of foot, shall bear it hence,
Meanwhile lie down and rest. This cloak of mine
Will serve thee; it has weathered many a storm."
The watch was set; and twice it had been changed,
When morning broke, and a wild bird, a hawk,
Flew in a circle, screaming. I looked up,
And all were gone, save him who now kept guard,
And on his arms lay musing. Young he seemed,
And sad, as though he could indulge at will
Some secret sorrow. "Thou shrink'st back," he said.
"Well may'st thou, lying, as thou dost, so near

A ruffian—one for ever linked and bound
To guilt and infamy. There was a time
When he had not perhaps been deemed unworthy,
When he had watched that planet to its setting,
And dwelt with pleasure on the meanest thing
That Nature has given birth to. Now 'tis past.

Wouldst thou know more? My story is an old one.
I loved, was scorned; I trusted, was betrayed;
And in my anguish, my necessity,
Met with the fiend, the tempter—in Rusconi.
'Why thus?' he cried. 'Thou wouldst be free and
dar'st not.

Come and assert thy birthright while thou canst.
A robber's cave is better than a dungeon;
And death itself, what is it at the worst,
What, but a harlequin's leap?' Him I had known,
Had served with, suffered with; and on the walls
Of Capua, while the moon went down, I swore
Allegiance on his dagger.—Dost thou ask
How I have kept my oath? Thou shalt be told,
Cost what it may.—But grant me, I implore,
Grant me a passport to some distant land,
That I may never, never more be named.
Thou wilt, I know thou wilt.—Two months ago,
When on a vineyard-hill we lay concealed
And scattered up and down as we were wont,
I heard a damsel singing to herself,
And soon espied her, coming all alone,
In her first beauty. Up a path she came,
Leafy and intricate, singing her song,

A song of love, by snatches ; breaking off
If but a flower, an insect in the sun
Pleased for an instant ; then as carelessly
The strain resuming, and, where'er she stopt,
Rising on tiptoe underneath the boughs
To pluck a grape in very wantonness.
Her look, her mien and maiden-ornaments
Showed gentle birth ; and, step by step, she came,
Nearer and nearer, to the dreadful snare.
None else were by ; and, as I gazed unseen,
Her youth, her innocence and gayety
Went to my heart ; and, starting up, I breathed,
'Fly—for your life !' Alas, she shrieked, she fell ;
And, as I caught her falling, all rushed forth.
'A Wood-nymph !' cried Rusconi. 'By the light,
Lovely as Hebe ! Lay her in the shade.'
I heard him not. I stood as in a trance.
'What,' he exclaimed with a malicious smile,
'Wouldst thou rebel ?' I did as he required.
'Now bear her hence to the well-head below ;
A few cold drops will animate this marble.
Go ! 'Tis an office all will envy thee ;
But thou hast earned it.' As I staggered down,
Unwilling to surrender her sweet body ;
Her golden hair dishevelled on a neck
Of snow, and her fair eyes closed as in sleep,
Frantic with love, with hate, 'Great God !' I cried,
(I had almost forgotten how to pray ;
But there are moments when the courage comes)
'Why may I not, while yet—while yet I can,

Release her from a thralldom worse than death?'
'Twas done as soon as said. I kissed her brow,
And smote her with my dagger. A short cry
She uttered, but she stirred not; and to heaven
Her gentle spirit fled. 'Twas where the path
In its descent turned suddenly. No eye
Observed me, though their steps were following fast
But soon a yell broke forth, and all at once
Levelled their deadly aim. Then I had ceased
To trouble or be troubled, and had now
(Would I were there!) been slumbering in my grave,
Had not Rusconi with a terrible shout
Thrown himself in between us, and exclaimed,
Grasping my arm, ' 'Tis bravely, nobly done!
Is it for deeds like these thou wear'st a sword?
Was this the business that thou cam'st upon?
—But 'tis his first offence, and let it pass.
Like the young tiger he has tasted blood,
And may do much hereafter. He can strike
Home to the hilt.' Then in an under-tone,
'Thus wouldst thou justify the pledge I gave,
When in the eyes of all I read distrust?
For once,' and on his cheek, methought, I saw
The blush of virtue, 'I will save thee, Albert;
Again I cannot.'"

Ere his tale was told,
As on the heath we lay, my ransom came;
And in six days, with no ungrateful mind,
Albert was sailing on a quiet sea.
—But the night wears, and thou art much in need

Of rest. The young Antonio, with his torch.
Is waiting to conduct thee to thy chamber.

MARGUERITE DE TOURS.

Now the gray granite, starting through the snow,
Discovered many a variegated moss
That to the pilgrim resting on his staff
Shadows out capes and islands; and ere long
Numberless flowers, such as disdain to live
In lower regions, and delighted drink
The clouds before they fall, flowers of all hues,
With their diminutive leaves covered the ground.
There, turning by a venerable larch,
Shivered in two yet most majestic
With his long level branches, we observed
A human figure sitting on a stone
Far down by the way-side—just where the rock
Is riven asunder, and the Evil One
Has bridged the gulf, a wondrous monument
Built in one night, from which the flood beneath,
Raging along, all foam, is seen not heard,
And seen as motionless!—Nearer we drew;
And lo, a woman young and delicate,
Wrapt in a russet cloak from head to foot,
Her eyes cast down, her cheek upon her hand,
In deepest thought. Over her tresses fair,

Young as she was, she wore the matron-cap ;
And, as we judged, not many moons would change
Ere she became a mother. Pale she looked,
Yet cheerful ; though, methought, once, if not twice,
She wiped away a tear that would be coming ;
And in those moments her small hat of straw,
Worn on one side, and glittering with a band
Of silk and gold, but ill concealed a face
Not soon to be forgotten. Rising up
On our approach, she travelled slowly on ;
And my companion, long before we met,
Knew, and ran down to greet her.

She was born

(Such was her artless tale, told with fresh tears)
In Val d'Aosta ; and an Alpine stream,
Leaping from crag to crag in its short course
To join the Dora, turned her father's mill.
There did she blossom, till a Valaisan,
A townsman of Martigny, won her heart,
Much to the old man's grief. Long he refused,
Loth to be left ; disconsolate at the thought.
She was his only one, his link to life ;
And in despair—year after year gone by—
One summer-morn, they stole a match and fled.
The act was sudden ; and, when far away,
Her spirit had misgivings. Then, full oft,
She pictured to herself that aged face
Sickly and wan, in sorrow, not in wrath ;
And, when at last she heard his hour was near,
Went forth unseen, and, burdened as she was,

Crossed the high Alps on foot to ask forgiveness,
And hold him to her heart before he died.
Her task was done. She had fulfilled her wish,
And now was on her way, rejoicing, weeping.
A frame like hers had suffered ; but her love
Was strong within her ; and right on she went,
Fearing no ill. May all good Angels guard her !
And should I once, again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours ;
Thy sign the silver swan. Heaven prosper thee !

BENEVOLENCE.

FROM the low prayer of want, and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear !
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah ! what were man, should heaven refuse to hear !
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done ;
Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land—nor these alone ;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

ASSURANCE.

WHEN she thou lov'st seems cold, ah, do not chide!
The frost of manner chill to thy desire
Is like the light snow wreathing Hecla's side;
Beneath burns on the ever-living fire.

Not to all gazers may her thought unroll,
Like a gay pennon to the winds unfurled;
Nor the dear secret of her inmost soul
By glance and blush be flamed upon the world.

Though veiled her glad eyes 'neath their lids' eclipse
At the near step which makes her heart rejoice—
Though all unshaken are her rose-leaf lips
By passion-gusts that sweep along thy voice,

Distrust thou not the calm of her high dreams;
Slow and so still the stars above thee glide;
'Tis but the false lights glimmering down the streams
That sway and tremble to the eddying tide.

And turn thou not unsatisfied away,
Albeit no sound thy thirsting ear hath heard,
Save her hushed breath's deep flowing as she lay
Becalmed upon thy heart, and spoke no word.

Ah! murmur not that she hath given nought
To stay thy soul's great hunger, though thou art
Faint for the fond name and the honeyed thought
Stored in the secret places of her heart.

Thou'st seen a rose, pale, drooping toward the
ground,
By showers of heaven too suddenly oppressed;
Thus droopeth she, the sweets of speech all drowned
In the large love which overflows her breast.

A SLEIGH-RIDE.

A SNOW-SCENE is singularly beautiful. Every object—house-tops, trees, shrubs, fences—in short, whatever goes to make up the landscape, is enrobed in most exquisite white, and of such purity and brightness that it glares the eye to look at it steadily. Then when the sun shines, the universal gleam reminds one of a fairy grotto of enchanted isles actually turned *out of doors* to delight and dazzle mortals. Now comes a frost, and the snow is compact and brittle; then a slight rain settles it, and again a frost, and it is hard, solid, crisp, and unyielding, just in glorious order for sleighing. Now, boys, get out your "teams;" and girls, wrap yourselves up in furs, boas, and tippets; we are going to have a ride. The moon shines clear

to-night, the stars are twinkling, and the air is steady and bracing. Our first care is to have the horses rough-shod, that they may speed like the wind, without fear of falling. Then overhaul the sleighs, of which there are various patterns: here is one in the shape of a swan, capable of holding ten couple; another fashioned like an antelope, with gilded runners; another something like the car of Juggernaut, only not quite so enigmatical; still another in the shape of the American eagle, with the gray pinions all complete, and spread to the breezes as if preparatory to a flight, to perch again perchance on the temple of freedom. We will take none of these—they do not hold sufficient; but here is one, it will contain thirty persons, and now we can have a jolly merry-making to a certainty. It is striped blue, with a red ground, and is no particular device, beyond that of a very comfortable band-box on an exaggerated scale. Now we will have four fiery grays attached, each one having a collar of silver bells around his neck, which, when they are agitated, give out such a sound as make the heart leap and the pulses dance the Cellarius. The driver—a huge fellow, well practised in his art—mounts the box, wrapped in a bear-skin coat, which only leaves his eyes and the smallest possible tip of a very red nose visible. He gives the whip a single flourish—off we go—nags snorting, bells ringing, snow flying, moon beaming, boys screaming, driver shouting—all life, fun, and vivacity.

THE CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces,
 Spite of all that mars and sears :
 To my inmost heart appealing ;
 Calling forth love's tenderest feeling ;
 Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
 Poverty's lean look, which saith,
 Save us ! save us ! woe surrounds us ;
 Little knowledge sore confounds us :
 Life is but a lingering death !

Give us light amid our darkness ;
 Let us know the good from ill ;
 Hate us not for all our blindness ;
 Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
 You can make us what you will !

We are willing, we are ready ;
 We would learn, if you would teach :
 We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;
 We have minds alive to beauty ;
 Souls that any heights can reach !

Raise us by your Christian knowledge—
Consecrate to man our powers ;
Let us take our proper station :
We, the rising generation—
Let us stamp the age as ours !

We shall be what you will make us—
Make us wise, and make us good ;
Make us strong for time of trial ;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude !

Look into our childish faces !
See ye not our willing hearts ?
Only love us—only lead us ;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands !
Every day our ranks increase ;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honour,
Combating for love and peace !

Train us ! try us ! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again :
Save us, save ! from our undoing !
Save from ignorance and ruin ;
Make us worthy to be MEN !

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow !
We may be our fathers' teachers :
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now !

Such the children's mute appealing,
All my inmost soul was stirred ;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The Children's prayer is heard !"

TO A REFORMER.

"ENTHUSIAST," "Dreamer"—such the names
Thine age bestows on thee,
For that great nature, going forth
In world-wide sympathy ;
For the vision clear, the spirit brave,
The honest heart and warm,
And the voice which swells the battle-cry
Of Freedom and Reform !

Yet, for thy fearless manliness,
When weak time-servers throng—
Thy chivalrous defence of right,
Thy bold rebuke of wrong,

And for the flame of liberty,
Heaven-kindled in thy breast,
Which thou hast fed like sacred fire—
A blessing on thee rest!

'Tis said thy spirit knoweth not
Its times of calm and sleeping,
That ever are its restless thoughts
Like wild waves onward leaping:
Then may its flashing waters
Be tranquil never more—
They are "troubled" by an angel,
Like the sacred pool of yore.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young Ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors:
They had an ancient goose—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,

The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom—I can feel
With all around me—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

FACTS FROM FAIRYLAND.

"O then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you!"

WOULDST thou know of me
Where our dwellings be?
'Tis under this hill,
Where the moonbeam chill
Silters the leaf and brightens the blade,—
'Tis under this mound
Of greenest ground,
That our crystal palaces are made.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our food may be ?
'Tis the sweetest breath
Which the bright flower hath,
That blossoms in wilderness afar,—
And we sip it up,
In a harebell cup,
By the winking light of the tweering star.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our drink may be ?
'Tis the freshest dew,
And the clearest, too,
That ever hung on leaf or flower ;
And merry we skink
That wholesome drink,
Thorough the quiet of the midnight hour.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our pastimes be ?
'Tis the hunt and halloo,
The dim greenwood through ;
O, bravely we prance it with hound and horn,
O'er moor and fell,
And hollow dell,
Till the notes of our Woodcraft wake the morn.

Wouldst thou know of me
What our garments be ?
'Tis the viewless thread,
Which the gossamers spread

As they float in the cool of a summer eve bright,
And the down of the rose,
Form doublet and hose
For our Squires of Dames on each festal night.

Wouldst thou know of me
When our revelries be?
'Tis in the still night,
When the moonshine white
Glitters in glory o'er land and sea,
That, with nimble foot,
To tabor and flute,
We whirl with our loves round yon glad old tree.

AN AMERICAN HUT.

It was a curious old pile, composed of rough-hewn oaken logs, locked together and wedded at the seams by satisfactory daubs of red clay, which the sun had baked into a substance tolerably substantial. Over this bleak framework were thrown long black branches of various trees, the interstices being stuffed with moss and straw, and then the whole paved with dark rows of uneven stones, which afforded a rude shelter, and bid an humble defiance to the storms that might hurl their power at the brow of this little tenement. A

small temporary aperture at one side served for a chimney; and one window, with half-a-dozen panes of dingy glass, and a pine door, swinging on a pair of crazy hinges, were the most noticeable exterior features of the hut. In good sooth, it would have looked more like the savage retreat of a beast of the forest, had its wildness not been relieved by the really neat white fence that surrounded it—presenting the idea of a beautiful frame around a deformed picture—and the further and more charming relief of a wild rose-bush, that had turned its tendrils around the stakes of the gate-posts, and broke into a shower of rich oriental blossoms, filling the air with fragrance, and standing as the sentinel-flower of this rude, uncouth structure. So gloomy a building seemed little to deserve so fair an attendant. A sprite, “all air, all poesy,” doomed to the heels of an ugly, grinning Cyclops, could not have been at more seeming contrast; and yet those crimson-hearted roses had in nowise caught the rude infection. They smiled as only roses do smile, and threw their gay plumes to the wind in the very merriest of humours.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Where'er a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air,
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like happy sunlight down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whene'er I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,

I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash ;
And all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth ;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth :
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard,
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear,
And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

THE feelings of a Christian mother, towards her child are of a deep and holy kind. She looks upon him as an immortal being committed to her care, and she strives and prays that her child may be a child of God and an heir of glory. The highest honour which she can claim for him, is, that his name may be written in the Lamb's book of life. Nor is this a mere empty wish; it is the prayer of her heart and the aim of her life. Over the earliest dawns of reason, therefore, she carefully watches, that she may infuse into his infant mind the first elements of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. Her great, her unwearied anxiety is, to nurse him for the skies, that, whether he be cut off in the tender years of childhood, or spared to maturer age, he may at last be a jewel in the Redeemer's crown; and that it may be her privilege to say to her redeeming God and Father, "Here am I, and the child whom thou hast given me."

Not only, however, does the Christian mother train her children by imparting direct religious instruction. This, in the case of the young, is often no very easy task. The difficulty of conveying, to a child, clear and adequate notions of the real nature of the truths of Christianity has been often felt and acknowledged. But how often has it been seen, that, by a thousand

indirect influences, emanating from the sanctified heart of the parent, the child has been gradually won to God! The whole aspect and demeanour of a mother whose soul is imbued with pious feeling, convey a powerful influence to her offspring. The child insensibly breathes, as it were, a holy atmosphere, and he grows up prepossessed in favour of those principles, on the side of which have been enlisted all his best and most effective sympathies. We are told of a young man who, at one period of his life, had been nearly betrayed into the snares of infidelity: "But," said he, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father!" It is this impression of the heart which the child of a pious parent finds it at all times difficult to resist. It cleaves to him amid all his wanderings and distressing deviations from the paths of righteousness. "Though, in process of time," says Mr. Newton, "I sinned away all the advantages of my early impressions, yet they were for a great while a restraint upon me; they returned again and again, and it was very long, before I could shake them off." If such, then, be the power which the direct and indirect influence of the pious female exerts over the mind of the young, how important is it that that influence should be all on the side of religion! Christian principles and Christian feelings, indeed, can never be widely prevalent in families, until a heartfelt interest in the concerns of the soul shall animate mothers and daughters to exert their all-powerful influence in re-

commending the religion of Christ by their conversation and example to all around them. This, and this alone, can insure domestic comfort, and happiness, and peace.

DIRGE.

DROPPED away!—We may not hold them;
Mightier arms than ours enfold them:
Dropped away!—like morning mist
Jealous suns have called and kissed;—
Love is deep!
Throbbing pulse and burning tear
Shall the dulled sense feel or hear,
Starting up from deathly bier?—
Let them sleep!

Let them be!—enough of pain;
Drop the dusk pall down again:
Lift no more from ashen cheek
The veil—and lips that cannot speak;—
Love is deep!
Do we call the swallow back?—
Loves the ship the iceberg's track?
Stretch them not upon the rack:—
Let them sleep!

Let them slumber !—Here no more
Passion with its torrent-roar
Sweeps the stranded heart away
In its full rush—till all is clay !

Love is deep !

Now that billows' war is waged,
Now the waters are assuaged :
Peace walks the world where seas have raged—
Let them sleep !

Make in the wide earth space for two ;
Both were loving—one was true :
Lay them not asunder now
For the frown upon their brow—

Love is deep !

Severed were they in their prime,
Not by distance—not by time :—
Plant them where the roses climb,—
Let them sleep !

We who mourn them gone before,
Let us wait upon the shore,
Till yon Pilot, hailed again,
Steers us o'er the self-same main ;—

Love is deep !

Prayer shall watch them, on her knees ;
Thought shall follow like a breeze :
Love can melt, though Death may freeze,—
Let them sleep !

Though our hopes be torn and dead,
Though our souls disquieted,
Let us arise and go, and pray
In the light of God's white day:

Love is deep!

Soon enough the darkness falleth;
Soon enough the earth-worm galleth:—
Wait we till the Angel calleth,

“LET THEM SLEEP.”



THE ANGEL-BRIDE.

I SHOULD have known thou wouldst have died
When fate first led me to thy side;
Thy holy eyes had nought of earth—
Thy lip ne'er curved in heartless mirth;
I should have known thou wouldst have died,
My seraph-love! my angel-bride!

I loved thee then, I love thee yet!
Though I have striven to forget—
Though Time's dark wings have pressed my brow,
I loved thee then—and love thee now;
And had I died when thou wert dead,
Thy spirit, mine to heaven had led.
Thou gentle presence! in that hour,
I felt thy being—knew thy power.

Thy spirit from the clay departed
Has watched o'er me when loneliest hearted.
The evening star recalls thine eye—
The mournful zephyr sighs thy sigh!

The forms of earth and visioned air
In being like to thee, are fair—
I do not yet deserve to die,
Or I might join thee in yon sky.
Pray that my sins may be forgiven,
I long to die—to reach thy heaven.

How human things the heart deprave—
Though I am kneeling by thy grave
I feel a yearning unto earth,
Which speaks the spell of mortal birth.
I love an angel, loving thee,
Or scarce would wish to cease to be.

I cherish still my marriage ring,
Keeping it as an hallowed thing
Of the firm chain of love which binds;
It is a link which still reminds;
Though long on earth may be my stay,
No spell shall charm thy spell away.

I feel I have not long to stay—
To heaven and thee I will away,
Beseeching God in earnest prayer,
Though I have sinned, to meet thee there;

For well I feel—full well I see
No earthly spell bound me to thee.

The bliss—the doom hath come at last,
My mortal frame is chilling fast ;
While with the soul's clear eyes I see
My spirit-wife approaching me.
Oh ! far from earth to holier things,
I glide to her on spirit-wings !

CHARACTER OF FENELON.

THE history of Fenelon exhibits the presence and operation of a predominant idea. Bringing into existence with him a soft, gentle, and loving nature, which happily was fostered and developed by the congenial influences of education, he was led to select the ecclesiastical profession. By that natural affinity which gives to minds their most appropriate employment, he always found himself in spheres of action where there was a special call for the mild restraints and nurturing dew which his character was fitted to afford. The performance of his duties reacted on his mental and moral qualities, giving to them each an intensity and fixedness which raised them to the highest state of culture ; so that the tranquil, earnest,

and thoughtful tendencies of the boy were, under the discipline of life, elaborated and raised into the mature gentle goodness of the man, the sage, and the Christian minister. Even in what were accounted his errors we see the influence of his predominant state of mind. Elevated by his nature and education to a high degree of excellence, he was urged to desire and seek after perfection itself. Absolute perfection is unattainable by man. But then do we not make some approaches to it when our minds are brought into a moral oneness with the Supreme Intelligence? This oneness can be gained only by purely spiritual exercises. But if our minds are by contemplation made purely spiritual, then are they united with Him who is spirit. Such a union implies and supposes an entire independence of earth and sense. The perfect Christian lives in an elevated sphere of his own, engaged in those meditations which are at once his delight and his triumph. To these heights of religious abstraction Fenelon was naturally conducted by his pure and lofty aspirations. But he that has reached so high an elevation is on the verge of two practical errors. If he is independent of the senses, their operation is too trifling a concern to engross his care. Hence licentiousness may come from mysticism; and if he is kept by duty and pleasure within the recesses of the Holy of Holies, what has he to do with the mean and perishing trifles of earth? Hence selfishness may ensue from spirituality. From both these errors, which have been too common among speculative religionists, Fenelon was

preserved by the native goodness of his heart and the practical benevolence of his early days.

It would not, indeed, be easy to mention an instance in which the qualities of true religious excellence were more proportionately blended. If he indulged in speculation, Fenelon was also pre-eminently practical. A glowing, rich, and delicate imagination, which rendered his piety vivid, soaring, and habitual, was qualified and guided by a strong and well-cultivated intellect, which, according to his light, made him regard religion as a reasonable service. And while the attainments of the scholar, as well as the exercises of the worshipper, would have kept him within the elegant privacy of the library, or the inspired precincts of the chapel, his true Christian love, the native goodness of his heart, his high sense of duty, placed him at every period of his life in the midst of worldly passions and rugged duties. Both in his active benevolence and the general cast of his mind, we find the qualities that are common to all good Christians, and the natural results of the divine spirit of the common Master. A happy thing it is for the world that there is in it a power which can produce so near an approach to moral perfection as is seen in the character of Fenelon. And a most happy thing it is for society that amid its cares, passions, and sufferings, there appear benevolent men, like the Archbishop of Cambray, who find their duty and their pleasure in the active exercise of the soft, winning, and graceful affections of our nature, and in ceaseless ministrations of good.

THE BANNER OF BROTHERHOOD.

Not with the flashing steel,
Not with the cannon's peal,
Nor stir of drum,
But in the bonds of love,
Our white flag floats above ;
Its emblem is the dove,
'Tis thus we come.

The laws of Christian light,
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield :
Christ is our leader high,
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field.

What is the great intent,
On which each heart is bent,
Our hosts among ?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise, for aye,
No more be sung.

That all the poor may rest,
Beneath their own vines blest,
In glorious peace ;
That death and hell may yield,
And human hearts long steeled,
By love's pure drops unsealed,
From warfare cease.

Oh, then ! in God's great name,
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear ;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot,
Christ leads us here.

So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And heaven's eternal King
Pronounce it good.

LABOUR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

THAT I must work I thank thee, God !
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,
Like rigorous winter in the sod,
Which doth mature the hardy grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers :
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil !
Yon ermined slave, of lineage high,
The game-law lord, who owns the soil,
Is not a man so free as I !
He wears the fetter of his clan ;
Wealth, birth, and rank, have hedged him in ;
I heed but this—that I am man,
And to the great of mind akin.

Thank God, that like the mountain oak,
My lot is with the storms of life ;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock,
And patience in the daily strife.
The hardened hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not, howe'er sloth may deem ;
'Tis this degrades—to cringe, and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardships, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood ;
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood ;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe.
Brother in toil, respect thyself,
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is nobler far than pelf.

Thank God for toil ! nor fear the face
Of wealth, nor rank—fear only sin ;
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within.
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
The hard yet honest hand to me ;
We are not dreamers—we shall live,
A brighter, better day to see.

EFFIE.

THE tender words were spoken ;
Alas ! they were believed ;
And thus her heart was broken,
The beautiful deceived.
The sod is green above her,
The summer wind sighs by ;
Cold heart that could not love her !
Cold lips that breathed a lie !

Her cheek grew wan and hollow,
The glad light fled her eye;
And her pale lip parted never,
Save to a weary sigh.
The golden thread is broken,
The lily bowed its head—
Funereal words were spoken,
They laid her with the dead.

LULIE.

THERE'S a sorrow upon thy path, Lulie,
That will not pass away!
It thins thy cheek, it pales thy brow,
And clouds thy sunniest day.
There's a shadow for every light, Lulie,
An end to the gladdest hour;
There's a tear for every smile, Lulie,
And dust on the fairest flower.

Oh! place thine hand in mine, Lulie,
Forget the dream that's past;
And know that in the name of God,
My love is pure and fast!
I'll win thee for my wife, Lulie,
Mine own—my spirit bride;
To share thy gladness with thee,
Or suffer by thy side.

CLEMENTINE CUVIER.

[The Clementine Cuvier referred to in the following brief notice which we have copied from her biography, was the daughter of the justly celebrated French naturalist who has rendered the name so illustrious in the scientific world. It is not a little remarkable that a young person, who moved in the first circles of the brilliant society of Paris, should have furnished so signal an example of Christianity as it is practised by protestants.]

FEW more beautiful and affecting instances could be adduced of the sanctifying and elevating influence of divine truth, than the history of the lovely Clementine. Destined to move in a rank of life the least adapted to cherish and nurture religious impressions, surrounded by the gay, the thoughtless, and the worldly—herself courted, beloved, and admired by all around—she had the moral courage, the heaven-inspired heroism, to break through the difficulties and hindrances which beset her path, and to avow herself an humble follower of the meek and the lowly Jesus. “Observe her situation,” says the Rev. Angell James, “and mark the rare combination of circumstances which it presented to delight and fascinate an ardent mind. Think of the celebrity of her illustrious father, whose political offices and philosophical researches drew around him all the most distinguished men of France, and made his home one of the Parisian centres of intellectual and national greatness; think of those personal accom

plishments and mental acquirements, which excited the admiration and interest of all who knew her; think of the respect and attachment of the humane and religious, whose schemes she supported, and whose institutions she patronized; add to this the gratitude she perpetually received from the persons whose wants she had relieved; and, to crown all, think of the attachment of her lover and the prospect of her marriage; and you will then perceive that the world, invested with its brightest and purest glory, stood before her in a form best adapted to captivate a pure and youthful mind, and to compel it to say, 'Tis enough, I am satisfied; it is good to be here.' But did it satisfy her mind? Did it fill her heart, and leave her nothing more to wish for? No. Her memorialist tells us that, 'surrounded as she was by all the enjoyments and illusions of this world, she was only happy as she was conversant with the spiritual and substantial blessings of the kingdom of God. She felt that she must love an infinite object, and that Christ alone could fill the soul. Even to her the world was nothing more than a broken cistern that could hold no water; and she thirsted, panted, and looked round for the fountain of living water, and found it—in religion.' "

And what was the character of Clementine's religion? It consisted not of empty forms and unmeaning ceremonies, but was throughout a matter that engaged the whole soul. Even before she had made a decided profession of faith in the doctrines of the gospel, it was observed, from her entire deportment, that

she was earnestly solicitous about the things that belonged to her everlasting peace. Hence the gravity of her countenance, the seriousness of her manner. She was in earnest; her mind, her heart was absorbed in a solemn work. Her eye was single. She looked only to Christ for pardon, peace, purity—life everlasting. "Formerly," she said on one occasion, "I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me; but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment, and that I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross." All dependence on her own doings she completely renounced, and was enabled humbly and cheerfully to submit herself to the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Christ Jesus unto all and upon all them that believe. And while Clementine sought pardon and acceptance in God's own appointed way, through the merits and mediation of Christ, she was no less anxious to obtain the *purity* than the *peace* of the gospel. The new birth she felt to be as needful for her as for the most abandoned profligate, and therefore her frequent and earnest prayer was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." To her latest hour she mourned over the workings of indwelling corruption; and yet how seldom can a Christian be found breathing so much of the Spirit, exhibiting so much of the character of the meek and lowly Jesus! Like him, it was her delight to go about continually doing good—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting the mourner, instruct-

ing the ignorant, and promoting in every possible way the temporal and spiritual interests of her fellow-creatures. She afforded, in her whole deportment, a beautiful example of the sanctifying power of true, vital religion. And all the while she was training for heaven. Her time on earth was to be short, and therefore the Spirit was carrying forward his work with amazing rapidity. And as she grew in grace, her heart became more intensely set upon heaven. "What sweetness is there," she said on one occasion, "in the thought of that eternal life—of that state of rest and love! There we shall comprehend those delightful words of our Saviour, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

Such was Clementine Cuvier, cut down in the bloom of early youth, and yet carried as a ripe shock of corn into the heavenly garner. She is, doubtless, now before the throne; and, looking back on all the pleasures and enjoyments of this world, how completely can she set her seal to the declaration of the apostle, that "to be with Christ is far better."

THE VICTORIOUS CITY.

WHEN in Rome's proud days of greatness, stubborn
nations bowed and fell
'Neath the strong arm of her people, one small city
conquered well;

Conquered all Rome's pride and wisdom, triumphed
o'er her soldier might,
Over senators and consul, by the simple force of right.

Once from fierce and sharp encounter, conquering had
the legions come,
When amid the chained captives, some were found from
Tusculum :

Then with fury burned Camillus—"What ! is Tuscu-
lum our foe ?

Let the senate give the order—soon we'll lay the rebels
low !"

Large and powerful was the army, that rode out with
fire and sword,

To scatter war's destructive rage through the country
all abroad ;

Brightly gleamed their brazen armour, loud and long
their trumpets brayed,

As they neared the peaceful borders—in his pride the
war-horse neighed.

But no sign or preparation for the conflict found they
there,

In the meadows dozed the cattle, and the tiller plied
the share ;

All the city gates stood open, and from thence a white-
robed throng

Brought forth presents for the army, singing as they
came along.

Wonder-stricken stood the Romans, gazing on the
peaceful scene ;

Forward then, the city entered ; still no armed force
was seen.

Every shop and mart was open, and along each busy
street

Passed the buyer and the seller, friend and foe each
other greet.

From the school rooms rose a burring, rose the hum
of childhood's voice ;

As they conned aloud their lessons, fearless were those
girls and boys ;

To the Senate-house the Consul passed along with
eager tread,

Found the peaceful gowned Fathers free from all war's
symbols dread.

"Ye have conquered—ye have conquered !" brave
Camillus cried aloud,

"Ye have found the only weapons, to which Rome has
ever bowed ;

Gladly do I grant permission for you now to Rome
to go,

Plead your cause before her Senate—prove yourselves
no treacherous foe."

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds, receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky;—

And oft, when midnight stars, in distant chillness,
Were calmly burning, listened late and long;
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No; earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below;

Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow ;
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air—
I doubted not—for spirits know their kindred—
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth ;
And where they passed, the fallen hath uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That Hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty ;
I call her angel, but he called her wife.—

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

ZARAZILIA.

SHE was so beautiful ! the dark brown hair,
In clustering ringlets fall—just kissed her cheek—
And 'neath the altar of her forehead fair,
Like pure twin angels, prayed her eyes so meek.
An all-unravell'd mystery,
A seraph from her birth,
In her so holy gentleness,
She was but half of earth.

And if she met you, with a sweet surprise
Just as, with fairy step, she passed you by,
She'd raise to yours, her spiritual eyes,
As though she loved you, without knowing why.
And when the maiden spoke to you,
The music of her voice
Like accents heard afar in dreams,
Bade memory rejoice.

“WE ARE NOT OUR OWN.”

WE are not our own, to live and die,
Catching at pleasures as they fly ;
We are not our own—when a mighty crowd
Cries, with a voice all deep and loud,

"We perish! we perish! oh, give us bread:
 Fill us and feed us, as you have been fed;"
 When the pale, shrunk lip, and the hollow eye
 Bespeak them fainting, and like to die;
 When the strong man groans in his bitterness,
 And the infant wails in its weak distress;
 Turn not away from the sigh and the moan;
 Remember, oh, man, thou art not thine own.

We are not our own—when slavery's blight
 Rests on this world, so fair and bright;
 When millions of human beings wear
 Fetters and chains, and about them bear
 Letters blazoned in blood and fire,
 That mark them the slaves of oppression dire;
 When war stalks forth with its murderous hand,
 And deals desolation and death through the land;
 When each man seems eager to stamp on his brow
 The Cain-mark of crime, the sighs of woe;
 While the lash is uplifted, the war-trumpet blown,
 Say, shall we live to ourselves alone?

We are not our own in the eager strife
 With truth and error, death and life;
 There's a mission of mercy and love to fulfil;
 Shall others be stirring, and we be still?
 No! through the length and breadth of the land,
 Lift up the voice and stretch the hand;
 Shout to the manacled slave—"Be ye free!"
 To the warrior—"Spare thou, as God spareth thee!"

Give food to the famished, the fainting sustain ;
Seek to strengthen the tempted, alleviate pain ;
We dare not live to ourselves alone ;
While there's aught to be done, "We are not our
own !"

A CHAPTER ON RINGS.

It is astonishing how much of interest lies within the circumference of a ring, with what a variety of events its use is blended, and how many important ones it has figured in. Old as the oldest records of human history, we find it used amongst the Egyptians, as a type of trust and badge of power, at the period when the shepherd sons of Jacob sold their brother. Even previous to that great epoch in the life of the wise and well-favoured Joseph, when Pharaoh, investing him with a rank only second to his own, bestowed as the sign of it the *ring* that was on his finger, we find the *signet* mentioned ; so that in all probability the inventor of the fashion of wearing them, who Pliny tells us is unknown, may have been that primal artificer in brass and iron, old Tubal Cain himself.

The signet rings worn by the Israelites, and other Eastern nations, appear to have borne inscriptions and devices like our own ; for in the description of the breast-plate of the high priest, it is distinctly stated

that the twelve precious stones with which it was set were inscribed with the names of the children of Israel, "like the *engravings of a signet*, every one with his name according to the twelve tribes."

Very tragic in Scripture are the occasions on which we usually find the signet referred to: Jezebel seals the warrant for the death of Naboth with her husband's, the king's; and the decree for the massacre of the Jews, which the beauty and policy of Esther prevented, was sealed with the ring of Ahasuerus.

From an expression of the prophet Jeremiah's, we find that the Jews wore their signets on the right hand; and the importance in which they were held may be gathered from the same passage.*

But besides the Hebrews and Egyptians, the Babylonians, Chaldeans, and Persians are known at a very early period to have made use of the signet. The despatches which Alexander sent into Europe he sealed (according to Quintus Curtius) with his own ring, but those which he wrote into Asia bore the signet of Darius.

Pliny imagines, from their not having been mentioned by Homer, that the Greeks were ignorant of the use of the ring, until the time of the Trojan war; after which period they wore them, as English wives do, on the third finger of the left hand, and gave the same reason, namely, that this finger communicates by a small nerve with the heart, which was presumed by

* Jer. xxii. 24.

sympathy to act upon it, and prevent the hand lending itself to any dishonourable action.

From the Greeks the Sabines are supposed to have borrowed the custom of wearing rings, which they did as early as the time of Romulus; but a long period seems to have elapsed before the Romans adopted them, and no traces of their official use, as an appendage to the statues of their kings, is to be found before the reigns of Numa and Servius Tullius.

Pliny, who has left us much interesting information on this subject, tells us that the ancient Romans made use of gold, silver, and iron rings, as distinguishing marks of the condition or quality of the wearers; and that all were originally worn on the little finger.

Marius, in his third Consulate (650 of the Roman year), is said to have been the first who wore a golden ring. And we also learn that not even a senator was allowed to wear this precious circlet, unless he had been ambassador at a foreign court, nor could he then (if given him in public) except upon public occasions.

Subsequently the gold ring became the badge of a knight; but in progress of time these primitive distinctions, which limited the people to the wearing of silver ones and bound the slave's finger with iron, became lost, and we find the gold annulus of the patrician girdling the broad fingers of the *plebs*, and even granted by Severus as a privilege of the common soldiers; nor could the edict issued by Nero, forbidding

their use, recall them afterwards to their several orders.

Originally only one ring had been worn, but, as the love of ornament grew stronger, the Roman beaux adorned each finger with them, and shortly extended this display to one on every joint. Then it became the fashion to wear several; and Aristophanes tells us that their foppery grew to such a pitch that they had their *weekly* rings; while Juvenal, in his "Satires," mentions rings for summer and winter; but the Emperor Heliogabalus went farther, for he never chose to wear the same ring twice.

When, however, it became the mode to adorn them with precious stones, the fashion of wearing rings on either hand, and every finger, was abandoned; and no Pelham of the period would have adventured to defy the ordonnance of fashion which limited the display of them to the left hand.

Some ancient Roman finger rings may be seen in the bronze room of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum. And in the Egyptian Gallery of the same institution is a very interesting one of gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of the deities Serapis, Isis, and Horus. Here are also several signets set with amulets or scarabæi (the sacred beetle), and others bearing the prenomen of Thothmes III., and Rameses VII. or IX., with iron ones of the Greek period.

The *barrows* of our Saxon forefathers, like the mummy cases of the East, have kept strange record

for the living of the manners and customs of the dead, and afford indubitable proof of the early use of this trinket in the British Islands. The Romans tell us, that at the period of their invasions they found the inhabitants of Gaul and Britain wearing them on the fourth finger; and opaque rings of glass, with a thick border (commonly called adder stones), are still frequently found in the neighbourhood of ancient funeral monuments.

Rings were early worn as a part of the pontifical apparatus; and in the fourth Council of Toledo, held in 633, it was ordained that a Bishop, condemned by one Council, and found afterwards innocent by a second, should be restored by having the ring and staff returned to him. The ring being the symbol of the spiritual union subsisting between the Bishop and the Church.

From these functionaries, the custom passed to those *hinges* of the Papal government as the name implies, the Cardinals,* who wear it with the same significance.

The superb pontifical dresses displayed in the recent London Exhibition exhibited these rings on the gloved hands of the effigies of these ecclesiastics.

Kings were likewise invested with a ring at their coronations; and in the *Liber Regalis* preserved at Westminster, we find a form for hallowing the ring, before the Archbishop presented it to the Monarch,

* From *Cardo*, a hinge.

who was bidden to accept it as a sign of faith and sincerity in his desire for the welfare of the church, kingdom, &c.

Bishops were buried with a ring; and Mathew Paris, in describing the obsequies of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us that they clothed him in his robes, with his face uncovered, his mitre on his head, gloves on his hands, and a ring on his finger, with all the other ornaments belonging to his office.

Not that this rich toilet for the tomb was proper to pontiffs only. Princes and other great men were arrayed with corresponding splendour; and we find King Richard the Second commanding the dead body of Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to be clad in princely garments, and to have a chain of gold, and rich rings put on his fingers.* The royal ring (like the pontifical one) was undoubtedly mythical of the relation henceforth subsisting between the monarch and the kingdom, a solemn sign of espousal, possibly as old as Christianity itself.

Tertullian informs us that the wedding ring, the "*Annuli Sponsatili*" of the Romans, was early introduced amongst the primitive Christians; and in certain pictures unburied at Pompeii, after an inhumation of 1760 years, the female figures were depicted wearing intagli or camei in rings of the Roman fashion, upon what is now called the wedding finger.

We have no data as to the precise period when the

* Graton.

custom was introduced amongst ourselves. Strutt tells us he finds no mention of the marriage ring in the Saxon era, except in the Polychronicon translated by Trevisa, who tells a story of a young man at Rome (in the time of Edward the Confessor), who being at play on his wedding day, "dyde place his spousyng ryng on the fynger of an ymage" of Venus, and could by no manner of means get it off; nay at night the statue claimed him for her spouse; and the whole story is full of stony horror and absurdity, yet interesting as showing the superstitious charm supposed to reside in this sacred fillet.

From this belief in the binding nature of golden rings, we may trace their use as love-gifts, and the solemn breaking of them between contracted parties when forced to separate for any time; a custom frequently alluded to in ancient ballads, and which was supposed to act as a constraining talisman, bringing together again the faithful keepers of the severed portions. Could some such faith have dictated the giving away of rings, on the occasion of a death, to the particular friends of the deceased—a fashion of a very ancient date amongst us?

Shakspeare bequeaths to his *fellows*, John Henninge, Richard Burbage (the original Richard III.), and Henry Condell, "twenty-six shillings eight-pence a-piece to buy them rings."

But these mystical ornaments have had other uses amongst us than at weddings and funerals; they were of force in magic, and of strange potency as health-

ful charms. According to Hospinian, the kings of England had anciently a custom of hallowing rings with much ceremony on Good Friday, the wearers of which he informs us, were preserved from the falling sickness: he adds that the custom took its rise from a ring which had long been preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, and was supposed to be efficacious against cramp and epilepsy, when touched by those afflicted with them. This ring, which had been brought home from Jerusalem to King Edward, was one which he himself had long before given privately in alms to a poor person who had asked charity of him for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist, a circumstance which implies whence its miraculous power was supposed to be derived.

Blessed rings, like blessed roses, were sometimes bestowed by the Roman pontiffs, and were thought to be endowed with peculiar virtues for the wearers of them: thus William the Conqueror landed on our coast wearing a ring hallowed by Pope Hildebrand, solemnly as his banners had been. And the gold ring presented to Sebastiano Ziani, on his defeat of the ships of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, by Pope Alexander, is said to have originated the singular custom and beautiful pageant of the wedding of the Doge of Venice to the Adriatic.

The Pope, on the return of the victors to Lido, hastened in person to receive his benefactor and acknowledge his debt of gratitude; and as soon as Ziani touched the shore, he placed on his hand a ring

of gold (the antique Roman badge of power), exclaiming, "Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." And annually, on Ascension Day, through the long course of six hundred years, as long indeed as the republic existed, the Venetians witnessed the figurative nuptials of the Doge with the mystic bride.

It is said that when Julius II. inquired of the Venetian ambassador where this grant of Pope Alexander was to be found, he was directed to look for it on the back of the donation of Constantine; but Marco Foscarini finds traces of the espousals of the Adriatic in Dandolo's Chronicle of the Dogeship of Pietro Urseolo II., towards the close of the tenth century. The description of the ceremony is so picturesque, that we cannot help repeating it:—The Doge and his *Clarissini* "having heard mass in the church of San Nicolo, embarked on board the gorgeous Bucentaur, a state galley, blazing with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric as could be obtained by perpetual repairs, without total reconstruction." Gliding through the still canals of the singular and beautiful city, between palaces hung with tapestry and garlanded with flowers, amid festive shouts and triumphal music—sil-

ver trumpets and embroidered banners evidencing on all occasions the presence of the Doge—"the superb pageant passed onward to the shores of Lido, near the mouth of the harbour, and then the princely bridegroom, dropping a gold ring into the bosom of his betrothed, espoused her with this brief but significant greeting—"We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty!"

"Alas for time, still more alas for change!"

The magnificent edifices of Venice still rise above the lagoons, and mirror their stateliness in these sleepy shallows; but the *greatness* vaunting of perpetuity, through dust and ashes, to the ever-moving sea, is as a dream—the very name of Doge a word of the past, and the once powerful republic a figment of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom!

But to return to our subject: the last of the tribunes, Rienzi Gabrini, caused himself to be presented with a hallowed ring by one of the Cardinals, in imitation of the ancient senators of Rome, and also perhaps with a superstitious belief that it would strengthen his alliance with the imperial city.

In the history of England, from the miraculous ring of Edward the Confessor to comparatively modern times, this trinket in the hands of royalty has exercised strange power—now sanctioning dark deeds—now becoming a passport of safety, like that of Henry the Eighth, in the hands of Bishop Cranmer.

Nor must we forget the tragedy clinging to the ring which his daughter Elizabeth bestowed on Essex, as a

warranty that in his utmost need he should have favour from her. This token of her tenderness, the Earl, in his extremity, after his trial and condemnation, commissioned the wife of his worst enemy, the Countess of Nottingham, to deliver to the Queen; but she, persuaded by her husband, retained it; and Elizabeth, exasperated by what she thought the contumacy of her favourite, signed his death-warrant; nor knew of the effort he had made to claim her mercy, till the Countess, on her death-bed, revealed it to her. It is recorded that Elizabeth, in the violence of her passion, shook the dying lady, exclaiming, "that God might forgive her, but that she never would." And as she herself henceforth refused all sustenance, and fell into the profoundest melancholy, this ring may indirectly be regarded as the instrument of her death.

Long previous to this reign, seal rings appear to have been in general use. Falstaff, at the tavern in Eastcheap, affects to lose one which he says had belonged to his grandfather, and had cost forty marks.*

It was also customary to grave mottoes within such as were given as souvenirs of love or friendship. Shakspeare alludes more than once to these posies, as they were called, and which (according to the apologetic expression he puts into the lips of Gratiano, on the loss of Nerissa's ring) it must have been the fashion to engrave on other articles also. "About a hoop of gold," exclaims the delinquent, "a paltry ring—

* Merry Wives of Windsor.

' That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like *Cutler's poetry*
Upon a knife, '*love me and leave me not.*' '*

Jacques, too, in "As You like it," observes to Orlando—

" You are full of pretty answers :
Have you not been acquainted with
Goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ? "

The singular mode of distinguishing Aldermen by a ring on the thumb had not exploded in these days—

" When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not
An eagle's talon in the waist ;
I could have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring ! "

exclaims the fat Knight, when railed at by the Prince on his personal appearance.

The serpent ring, which we frequently meet with in our own days, appears to have been one of the favourite forms of this ornament in antique times : we meet with it amongst the Egyptians and Romans, and it was also found on the hand of a skeleton at Pompeii, a relic of jewellery nearly two thousand years old. Porcelain and glass rings appear to have been greatly used by the poorer classes in Egypt ; but even these are inscribed with hieroglyphics, and possibly answered the purpose of amulets ; but gold, silver, bronze, iron, jasper, and cornelian, were in constant use.

* Merchant of Venice.

We noticed, amongst the collection of Egyptian finger rings in the Museum, one of the Roman period, set with a negro's head, excellently executed, and two of cornelian, with the sacred *frog* in alto-relievo on the tablet.

Shakspeare talks of a death's head in a ring; an unpleasant device, to say the least of it, though rings have sometimes been made the vehicles, as well as symbols, of this consummation.

Hannibal, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebault's "Original Anecdotes of Frederic II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows:—While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the Court of Berlin with the grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin. The lot of presenting him at court, &c., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there

was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous. The ring alluded to was of great beauty and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner; and while he was stooping down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained into his eyes. The latter laughed, rallied her with great good-nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them) discharged its contents again in his face. The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed, "These kind of jokes, madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gayety, particularly in a *lady*; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me: I have, madam, the honour to give you proper notice." But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and, holding up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing, "I had given you notice, madam." The Russian husband took his share of

the adventure by declaring that M. de Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it; and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves. It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me *as a great secret*, on the evening of the day on which it happened.

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction. One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be concealed in a ring as water, and especially the subtle poisons of antiquity and the East; the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands. Of late years, the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanized, and affirm their conviction of being benefited thereby.

We could adduce much more to prove the interest attached to our subject; but enough has been said to show how many elements of moral feeling are blended with the history of rings, and how, from the earliest ages, religion, power, fear, hope, love, friendship, have made these mystic circles their interpreters.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een, wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O, mornin' life! O, mornin' luvè!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled,—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
O! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
O! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me !

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was one of the most amiable and accomplished, most pious and useful of her sex. Though in her early days the world had acquired an undue ascendancy over her heart, she was led by divine grace to turn her thoughts to far higher and purer objects than any which this world can present ; and no sooner was her fine enthusiastic mind directed

to religion as the chief good, than her whole efforts were put forth to recommend the Gospel of Christ to the attention of others. And in this she was eminently successful. By the institution and judicious management of schools for the instruction of the poor, she was instrumental in the introduction of Christianity into many a peasant's cottage where it had been till then unknown; and by her numerous writings she was the means of gaining a place for Christianity in the circles of the fashionable and polite, from many of which it had been, till then, excluded.

But though thus honoured of God to be eminently useful, Mrs. More was not exempt, during her lengthened earthly course, from trials of various kinds, both bodily and mental. Subject to frequent attacks of severe bodily illness, she was sometimes brought to the very gates of death. But such direct visitations from the hand of God she was enabled to bear with Christian patience and resignation. It was when her good name was attacked by the foul tongue of calumny, that her faith began for a time to fail. Her character was falsely maligned; her attempts to do good were imputed to improper motives; her views, and feelings, and designs, were mistaken and misrepresented. Pamphlets were poured forth in abundance, containing open falsehoods, dark insinuations, and calumnious statements. Mrs. More, thus dragged before the public, and held forth in the most odious light, was deeply wounded in her feelings; but without deigning a word of reply, she committed herself, after the example of her blessed

Lord, to Him that judgeth righteously. Nor was her simple dependence permitted to be fruitless. He whom she had humbly but faithfully sought to serve, and the promotion of whose cause was the one object of her life, interposed in her behalf, causing her righteousness to shine forth as the light, and her judgment as the noon-day. Not the shadow of a cloud was allowed to rest upon the good name of this eminent servant of Christ. Her sun set with untarnished brilliancy; and if "they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," bright, indeed, will be the glory of this most estimable woman.

GOLD-SEEKING; OR, THEORY AND PRACTICE.

MR. TRAFFORD, a rich London merchant, gave a small dinner-party: the cookery and wines were exquisite, the fruits such as Lance might have delighted to paint, and the coffee of continental excellence. The little party, however, went off rather heavily in the evening. Two married couples departed at an early hour: in the one case the lady loved gayety, and was anxious to get to a ball; in the other, the gentleman loved cards, and was desirous of finishing the evening at his club. Three young men and one young lady alone remained to enliven the fireside

of the host and hostess. The young lady was of course musical, but her performances were much in the style of the "young lady performances" so cleverly described by John Parry. The applause was faint, and she quitted the piano without being solicited to go back to it. Mr. Trafford had taken up the *Times* to keep himself awake while Miss Otley had been murdering a song from "Linda di Chamouni," and now favoured his guests with his opinion of an article he had been reading. "It is a melancholy thing," he said, "to reflect on the many persons who are daily going out to the gold-diggings in Australia. It must always be a sacrifice to forsake our own country; but to forsake her for gold! what can be so sordid, so rapacious, so contemptible? What can gold do for us?"

"What, indeed?" echoed his wife, settling her ruby bracelet on her plump arm: "it can only procure us the vanities of life, which we should be much better without."

"It may enable us, for instance, to indulge ourselves in a luxurious table," pursued Mr. Trafford, in a dictatorial voice. "But an ancient philosopher was accustomed to remark that 'there is only three months' difference between the best table and the worst!'"

"He was quite right," said Miss Otley. "For my own part I detest money, and never am so much shocked as when I hear of interested marriages. I met with a lovely song yesterday, in an old music-

book of my aunt's, called, 'Oh say not Woman's Love is bought!'"

One of the young men now thought it necessary to bear his testimony to the injurious effects of gold. "The love of money is the greatest of social evils," he said. "It breaks the ties between neighbour and friend, and is at the root of all family quarrels. I am thankful, for my own part, that I am spared from the cares and responsibilities of a large income."

"No doubt you are, Mr. Nelcombe," said Miss Otley: "and I am certain that Mr. Harville, who is a literary man, will agree in your opinion on the subject, and moreover favour us with some pretty quotation to illustrate his remarks."

"You are perfectly right," said the young author, "in predicting my opinion on the destructive and dangerous effects of gold; but when you ask me for a quotation, you perplex me how to select one from the perfect avalanche that seems to rush upon my memory. The old divines say—"

"I think, if you please," interrupted Miss Otley, "that it would be as well not to begin upon the old divines, or you will not leave off till to-morrow morning."

"Well, then," pursued Harville, "Shakspeare says—

'How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!'

And also—

'Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?'

Godwin, in his clever romance of 'St. Leon,' forcibly delineates the sufferings attendant on the possession of the philosopher's stone. Alfred Tennyson, in 'Locksley Hall,' after a beautiful description of a mercenary marriage, says—

'What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.'

Cowley remarks—

'Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold doth friendships separate.'

Mary Howitt observes that 'money quarrels are always bitter ones:' and Charles Mackay praises the man

'Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health.'

However, I must not longer intrude on your time. So far from needing any quotations from me on the subject, I am sure you must each be able to recall an abundance of them to your own mind."

"There is a sweet song of Moore's," remarked Miss Otley, "which says—

'The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines!'"

"I remember," said Nelcombe, "when I was at school, being greatly impressed with the fable of

Midas, who wished to turn everything he touched into gold, and died of starvation from the realization of his desire."

"There is a true story of a similar description," said Harville, "in Brown's 'Lays and Legends of the East.' An Arab had been two days in the desert, without food; coming to a well where caravans were accustomed to halt, he perceived a small bag on the sand. 'Heaven be praised!' he said; 'I doubt not it is flour.' He untied it, and exclaimed, 'Miserable creature that I am! it is only gold-dust!'"

Just then the drawing-room door opened, and a sober grave-looking matron in a dark gray dress appeared at it. Mrs. Trafford shook her head, and the intruder disappeared. She was the nurse of Juliana Trafford—a little girl of eight who was standing at her mother's knee; and Mrs. Trafford thought it right that her child, like those of the Vicar of Wakefield, should be "kept up a little beyond her usual time for the sake of listening to so much edifying discourse."

"I remember," said Mr. Trafford, "that Pope energetically inquires what riches can give to us, and replies that they can afford us no more than 'meat, clothes, and fire.'"

"And Goldsmith," said Mrs. Trafford, "tells us that—

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!'"

"Why have you said nothing on the subject, Mr.

Stanford?" said Miss Otley, addressing the only person in company who had kept silent during the foregoing conversation, but whose intelligent countenance evidently showed that he had listened with interest to the discussion. "I know you are very clever, and I am sure that you would be able to remember plenty of quotations on our side of the question."

"Begging to deny that I am 'very clever,'" said the young man, "I yet confess that I could remember several quotations on your side of the question: but I am rather disposed to repeat quotations on the other side, because I differ much from the view you have all taken of the subject."

A general murmur of surprise and disapprobation ensued.

"What quotations can you find on the other side, Stanford?" asked the author. "I suppose some sordid, worldly maxims inculcated on your trusting youth by a grasping uncle, or miserly grandfather?"

"I will only trouble you with two quotations," said Stanford. "One is from Dr. Johnson:—'All the arguments which have been brought to represent poverty as no evil, prove it evidently to be a great evil.' The other is from 'Emerson's Essays':—'Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlours without an apology, is in its effects and laws as beautiful as roses!'"

"Perhaps, then, Mr. Stanford," said his host, with severe gravity, "you even approve of the motives of

the rapacious crowd who are going out to dig gold in Australia?"

"I do not at all disapprove of their motives," said Stanford. "I certainly think that many of them are credulous and incautious, and that they ought well to weigh the hardships in store for them—the dangers and difficulties which surround the wished-for gold, and the probability that, after all, they may gain but a very small share of it: but their desire for gold I think very lawful, and their anxiety to take active measures for its possession perfectly natural."

"I am surprised, indeed, to hear such sentiments from your lips, Stanford," said Harville. "I had hoped better things of you!"

"And perhaps," said Miss Otley, "you would even, Mr. Stanford, approve of marrying for money?"

"I certainly," replied Stanford, "think that a comfortable income is a material ingredient in matrimonial happiness. But do not look horrified, Miss Otley, and do not suspect that I am brooding over a dark prospect of marrying for money. I think I must clear my character, by telling you that I have been for some time engaged to a young lady without fortune."

"You are quite in the right," said Harville; "'the wealth of the cottage is love.'"

"But I have no prospect even of a cottage wherein to install Clara Belson," replied Stanford. "The medical profession is a very uphill one, and if, after a few years' trial, I find that my prospects do not

greatly improve, I think it is very probable that I may myself emigrate to Australia, not with the view of gold-digging, but with the hope of gaining that golden recompense for my professional services which here is so difficult of attainment."

"Put off your marriage for a few years because you are not rich enough to marry!" exclaimed Miss Otley.

"Forsake your native country!" cried Harville.

Similar upbraidings were poured forth from the rest of the party, and when Stanford took his departure, he literally, like Lady Teazle, "left his character behind him." The company sat together for half an hour, lauding their own disinterestedness, and blaming Stanford's love of money; and when at length they separated, Mr. Trafford complacently remarked that "he thought they had spent a very profitable evening!"

Juliana told her nurse, while she was undressing her, that "Papa and mamma, and all the visitors but Mr. Stanford, had been talking against money, and said that it was of no use, and that people were much better without it."

To which statement the nurse returned an avowal of unqualified disbelief, saying that "Miss Juliana looked more than half asleep, and that she was very certain she had misunderstood the whole of the conversation, and that the company had been talking exactly the other way!"

The next day, all the conversers of the preceding evening were moving in the busy scenes of life; and it may, perhaps, be amusing to my readers if I detail *how far their theory and practice proved consistent.*

Mr. Trafford took his way, as usual, into the city, but not as usual into his counting-house. He repaired to an hotel, where he had appointed to meet a person on business. The gentleman in question had very small sharp eyes, a hook nose, and prominent teeth: his voice was not remarkable for sweetness, but the flow of words pouring forth from it was prodigious: they bore down all opposition like a cataract. He was one of the committee of a new joint stock company, and was desirous that Mr. Trafford should rank himself among the favoured men who were destined to receive fifty per cent. for their capital for the first year, and profits past calculation ever afterwards. Not all the eloquence of the orator, however, could blind the experienced Mr. Trafford to the conviction that the affair was one of speculation—that he would run a risk if he consented to ally himself with it. But the temptation of fifty per cent. was irresistible, and he felt himself perfectly unable to do as prudence would have dictated—seek safety in an abrupt exit from the room!

Perhaps my readers will say, why should Mr. Trafford care about fifty per cent. when he was already in the enjoyment of an abundant income, living in a handsome house, and entertaining his friends expensively, and when, moreover, he had so much moderation of spirit, that he thought the only use of riches was to supply us with “meat, clothes, and fire?” The reason why Mr. Trafford coveted more money was this: he had been in the habit of going to

watering-places in the summer and autumn, but he had long been desirous of becoming the owner of a place in the country. One had recently been offered to him; the purchase-money, however, was high, and the expense of keeping up two establishments was also a matter of some consideration to a prudent calculator. This promising speculation would doubtless render it easy to afford additional expenses; in fact, it would be only proper and consistent to indulge in them. The proprietor of a house in a London square, however elegant his style of receiving company might be, could never hope to fill so high a position as the owner of a "place in the country." He agreed to sign the necessary papers; and his friend, with the keen gray eyes and glozing tongue, told him that "he would be perfectly astonished to see the workings of the concern!"—a prophecy which in due course of time was perfectly realized. Mr. Trafford returned home in high spirits; he had made a good morning's work, and he did not for a moment think how inconsistent his "practice" of the present day had been with his "theory" of the preceding evening.

Mrs. Trafford drove out in her carriage that morning; she went to Hunt and Roskill's, resolving to purchase a diamond tiara which she had long wished to possess, and which a recent acquisition of money had given her the power of procuring. The tiara was gone, but another much handsomer, and also much more expensive, did duty in its stead. Mrs. Trafford

would have been delighted to have transplanted it to her jewel-box, but the sum she possessed was inadequate to the purchase, and being the wife of a mercantile man, she regarded the idea of running into debt with more timidity than she might have felt had she been born and bred in fashionable life.

Mrs. Trafford sadly and reluctantly quitted "the valley of diamonds," but the pleasant reflection soon crossed her mind that she was engaged on the ensuing night to a party whose cards would form the principal entertainment of the company. Mrs. Trafford had been lately introduced, by the needy widow of a baronet, into a decidedly card-playing set, above herself in rank, but kindly condescending to admit her among their number in consideration of her amply supplied purse, and her limited knowledge of every game at cards. That good fortune, however, which almost always attends a novice, enabled Mrs. Trafford to win largely during her first few nights of initiation; and not remembering the wise proverb, that "no morning sun lasts a whole day," she imagined that she had discovered a sure and certain way of increasing her very handsome allowance. And why did she want to increase it? Had she not cashmeres, satins, laces, and furs innumerable? Had she not, moreover, an amply furnished trinket-box, gleaming with pearls, rubies, and emeralds? True, but she lacked diamonds; and although she had said that "gold could do nothing but procure us the vanities of life which we should be much better without," she made an

exception in favour of the "one particular vanity" on which she had fixed her fancy, and which she chose to consider as a necessary appendage to her station. Widely indeed did her "practice" differ from her "theory!"

Nelcombe awoke that morning with the prospect of a very agreeable day before him: he had promised to devote it to the service of a friend, who had a family of country cousins on a visit to him, and Nelcombe had volunteered to accompany them to the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, the Colosseum, and Burford's Panoramas (such being the moderate programme for a single morning), and afterwards to return with them to his friend's house to dinner. This mode of passing the day appears so little inviting to the generality of London men, that it will easily be conjectured that Nelcombe had some hidden reason for his amiability: and such was indeed the case. One of the country damsels was very pretty, very good-humoured, very intelligent, and had a fortune of five thousand pounds, and Nelcombe had ventured to contemplate a tender declaration on that very morning, although he had not quite made up his mind whether it should be in the cloisters of the Abbey or the conservatory of the Colosseum.

Just as Nelcombe had given an irresistible wave to his hair, and was pouring perfume on his handkerchief, a note was brought to him from Mrs. Dennison, a distant relative, who wished to see him instantly. "Being placed," she said, "in very painful circum-

stances, which required his immediate interference." Nelcombe had no resource but to send a message to his friend's house, begging the party not to wait for him; and he betook himself, without loss of time, to Mrs. Dennison's lodgings, in Brompton. He was indeed in some measure bound to obey the old lady's behests, since he had lured her from Somersetshire; where she was living, with relations far more closely connected with her than himself, on the plea that she required the first medical advice, and that he would be happy to devote every minute of his spare time to her—a promise which she took good care should not be evaded; for Mrs. Dennison loved flattery and homage, and talked of going back to her "dear cousins, the Brownlows," whenever Nelcombe was less attentive than she considered he ought to be. The "painful circumstances" in which she was placed on that particular morning, arose from her landlady having refused to dismiss an excellent servant who had lived with her many years, because she had unwarily thrown down a small china jar belonging to Mrs. Dennison. Nelcombe speedily smoothed matters, promised Mrs. Dennison that he would get the jar repaired for her in such an exquisite manner that no one would surmise it had ever been broken and related to her the story of the fracture and restoration of the Portland Vase, in the British Museum; complimented the offended landlady on her zeal for her valued servant; and dropped five shillings into the hand of the sobbing delinquent. He then attempted

to take his leave, averring that he had an engagement with some friends; but the very sound of an engagement determined Mrs. Dennison to compel him to break it. "Her nerves," she said, "had been quite shaken by the events of the morning; she was unfit to be left alone. She must request him to stay with her during the remainder of the day; it was not now with her as when she could always command the society of her kind cousins, the Brownlows." So Nelcombe remained with her during the rest of the day; partook of a frugal dinner at three o'clock; read his hostess to sleep with a county paper which she had just received from the Brownlows, and played draughts with her, in the evening, for postage-stamps.

What occasioned Nelcombe to give up the society of a pretty, pleasing young girl, with a few thousands, for that of a peevish, wearying old woman, with a great many thousands? Nelcombe was looking for a legacy. He had totally forgotten the fable of Midas—his "theory" was not borne out by his "practice."

Miss Otley, likewise, awoke on that morning, anticipating a pleasant day. A friend had promised to call at two o'clock, and take her to a charity-bazaar for the benefit of the Distressed Needlewomen. She arrayed herself with great care; but at the same time was dressed with unusual plainness, and sat at the window in a state of nervous excitement, anxiously watching for her friend, who, after all, was only five minutes behind her time.

Miss Otley did not care for charity-bazaars; nor

for any bazaars, but the Soho and Pantheon. She did not care for Distressed Needlewomen. She was one of the ladies who contributed to keep them in distress, by means of unreasonable requisitions and scanty payments; but she cared very much for a gentleman whom she expected on that occasion to meet.

Let not my readers conjure up the image of a mustachioed officer, or an interesting young clergyman. Miss Otley's favoured swain was an old bachelor, ungainly, unsightly, taking a profusion of snuff, and wearing clothes so shabby, that nothing but his riches occasioned him to be tolerated in society—it being a received maxim that a man is perfectly justified in wearing an old coat, if he is known to have abundance of money wherewith to purchase a new one.

Miss Otley soon recognised Mr. Witherton. They conversed much together. Mr. Witherton bought nothing, saying that "the money paid at the door was quite enough to contribute to the charity;" consequently, Miss Otley only laid out sixpence of the five shillings which she intended to expend; and this sixpence she invested in an emery pincushion, which, she observed, "made needles last twice as long as they would otherwise do"—a remark which met with a decided approval from Mr. Witherton. He looked complacently on Miss Otley's chocolate muslin dress, brown gloves, and close straw bonnet. He ascertained that she disliked public places, was fond of plain work, took great pleasure in accounts, and was

opinion that all servants required perpetual looking after. The result of her ingenious scheme of captivation was that Mr. Witherton formally requested permission to pay a visit to her aunt on the succeeding day; and she returned home well satisfied with her prospects, and only mortified that Mr. Witherton had said nothing about a settlement. "And my aunt," she soliloquized, "has so much false delicacy, that I am sure she will never drop a hint on the subject to him. How I wish that poor mamma was alive again! Nobody knows the loss of a mother till they are going to be married!"

Did Miss Otley think, that evening, about—"O say not woman's love is bought," and "The gloomy gnome that dwells in dark gold-mines?" No; she only thought about her settlement. Her "practice" was indeed at variance with her "theory."

Harville, on that same morning, went by appointment to call on his publisher. These interviews were seldom very agreeable; for his publisher, like the one described in *Punch*, was in the habit of wanting articles in an unreasonably short space of time; and telling the authors who talked about waiting for inspiration, that "inspiration always came with pen and ink!" Harville was rather curious to know the reason of this sudden summons, since he was then engaged in writing a political pamphlet, at his publisher's request; and had promised to let him have it at the end of the week. It wanted three days of the prescribed time; but a publisher's summons is, like

the horn of Roderic Dhu, a matter not to be trifled with. And Harville, punctual to the moment, entered the dingy little study, which certainly was not fertile to him in pleasant reminiscences.

The publisher's desire, it appeared, was not that the pamphlet should be finished; but that it should be laid aside, and a new one begun, of precisely a different nature and contrary tendency. A great man had expressed a desire to the publisher that such a work should be written; and had even been so very condescending as to particularize Harville as an extremely suitable person to undertake it.

"It is an honour," said the publisher, "that you ought to be proud of; and I am sure, Mr. Harville, you will do your best, and lose no time in doing it. You know that Sir Walter Scott said he never wrote so well as when the press was clattering at his heels!"

Harville's face was crimsoned with indignation. "You appear to forget," he said, with haughtiness, "that principle is involved in the matter in question. It is not merely an affair of the press: you are asking me to change my political opinions."

"Far from it," said the publisher; "I certainly think that it is better for an author to have no politics at all. But if your political opinions are fixed, I should be very sorry to interfere with them."

"Then," exclaimed Harville, angrily, "you would have me play the part of a hypocrite, and assert one thing while I believe another?"

"Barristers are in precisely the same predicament,"

said the publisher. "Do they not often plead the cause of a client whom they know to be unworthy, with as much eloquence and earnestness as if he was a model of virtue?"

"We are not arguing now on the duties of barristers," said Harville; "but on those of political writers. I will not, however, dignify our difference of opinion by calling it an argument. I beg to decline your proposition."

"Perhaps," said the publisher (who, having a point to gain, kept his temper wonderfully well), "you are not aware that I shall request you to accept double the sum of money for the second pamphlet which I had agreed to have given you for the first?"

Harville, fortunately for himself, had a little independence, which raised him above the necessitous class who write for bread; therefore the above offer did not carry so much temptation with it as if his landlady were dunning him for her rent, and his tradespeople pressing for the settlement of their "little accounts."

"My opinion on the subject remains quite unaltered," he said; "and I have the pleasure of wishing you a good morning."

"I am sorry you are so blind to your own interest," said the publisher. "Lord —— would unquestionably request an introduction to you as soon as the pamphlet (which, by the way, must be dedicated to him) makes its appearance. He possesses great patronage, and is not on terms with his relations. A government-appointment of a few hundreds per annum might very

likely fall to your share, if you played your cards well."

"Played my cards well!" repeated Harville, in an abstracted tone of voice.

"I mean," said the publisher, "that you must not differ from his Lordship in any of his opinions; and that you must be particularly careful never to set him right when he is wrong."

"In other words," replied Harville, "I must, deliberately and systematically, act against my conscience."

The publisher was on the point of saying—"Authors ought not to have any conscience;" but he checked himself, and mildly remarked—"If you gain an independent income for yourself, you need only write when you please; and I suppose I shall be favoured with very few more visits from you."

Harville resumed the seat that he had just vacated, and passed a few minutes in deep meditation; which the publisher was too wary to interrupt. Harville had certainly enough for all the necessities of life; but if he could gain a government appointment, he would remove into handsome apartments—he would keep a horse—he would take a tour on the continent next summer. He gave his consent, returned home, and began the pamphlet that very evening. His "theory" had been excellent, but his "practice" did not keep pace with it.

How completely had all the dispassionate, disinterested reasoners of the preceding evening "fallen from

their high estate" in the course of one day! They considered digging gold in Australia as a heinous action; but they did not scruple in what way, or with what weapons, they dug for it at home. Ingots were still objects of horror in their eyes; but Trafford coveted a place in the country, his wife a diamond tiara, Nelcombe a legacy, Miss Otley a rich husband, and Harville a government appointment; and they had each and all shown that they would not allow a trifle to stand between them and the attainment of their desires.

How did Stanford employ that day?—he who had so openly declared that "poverty was a great evil;" and that "money was, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses." He also had his adventure, and I will lose no time in acquainting my readers with it.

Stanford visited one of his very small number of patients, whom he found restored to perfect health, and then determined to indulge himself with a call on Clara Belson, the young lady to whom he was engaged, and who resided with her mother in the Hampstead-road. He was yet some way from his place of destination, when a crowd of people met his eyes. They were gathered round an old man, who while crossing the road had been thrown down by a horse in full gallop. Stanford pressed through the crowd, announced himself as a medical man, and directed that the sufferer should be carried into a neighbouring shop. He soon began to revive; and as no very serious injury appeared to have been sustained, Stanford thought

it advisable to send for a cab, and to accompany him to the room which he rented, in a street which fortunately was not far off. Stanford was pleased and interested with the poor old man. His dress betokened extreme poverty; but his manner evidently showed that he had known better days. The small attic where he lived was poorly and scantily furnished; and Stanford's advice respecting wine and generous diet was met by a frank avowal of the want of money to procure them. Stanford asked if he had friends whom he could apprise of his destitute situation. "He had none," he replied; "he had outlived his relations, and the poor man can seldom hope to retain friends."

Promising to send him some restoratives, and to call and see him on the ensuing day, Stanford took his leave of him; saying a few words to the landlady, in his way out, concerning the exigencies of her lodger. She appeared a decent and well-meaning woman; but her house was filled with lodgers, and she candidly confessed that, "having a first and second floor to think about, she could not take particular interest in her attics." She allowed, however, that the old man was perfectly quiet and inoffensive, and that he regularly paid his small weekly rent.

Stanford gave her a few shillings, requesting her to lay them out in some little comforts for her lodger; and addressed some well-timed remarks to her, concerning "the unfailing well-spring of kindness for all in sickness or in sorrow, which is to be found in every true woman's breast." And the result of this judicious

mode of proceeding was, that poor old Jervis was electrified by the appearance of Mrs. Atkins in his attic, bearing tea and toast in her hands, wearing a winning smile on her countenance, and expressing her extreme anxiety "to know how he found himself."

When Stanford reached the lodgings of Clara and her mother, he immediately told her what he had been doing; and although Clara was so economical that she made her own bonnets, and turned her own gowns, she did not express the least disapprobation at her lover having encumbered himself with a probable pensioner on his bounty; on the contrary, she was glad to think that he had been of use to a fellow-creature—glad that he should have given a portion of his little store to one who had still less of the goods of life; for Clara, like her lover, considered money as a positive good, and was accustomed, playfully, to quote the saying, that "a narrow income is just as great an enemy to ease as a tight shoe."

Stanford slept that night sweetly and peacefully, although he had gained nothing during the day, and had disbursed a trifling sum. Yet was not Stanford an inconsistent character; nor were his "theory" and "practice" opposed to each other. He considered that the chief enjoyment of money consisted in being able to do good to others; and he was thankful that he yet had it in his power to indulge himself occasionally in this luxury.

The next morning, Stanford found his poor patient considerably better; and profuse in expressions of

gratitude towards him. Stanford, on questioning him respecting his mode of living, was shocked to find that he had manifestly insufficient nourishment for one of his years and infirmities. He had evidently been a person of some education, and his conversation denoted that he had moved in a respectable sphere of life; although Stanford could have wished that he had not been quite so full of cynical reflections on the bad qualities of the world in general. Stanford, in a few days, brought Clara and her mother to see him. They lent him books, and procured for him many little comforts to which he had long been a stranger. Stanford also continued, through the medium of the landlady, to supply him with occasional aid, and his disposition seemed to be greatly softened and benefited by communion with his kind benefactors. He had been accustomed to say that "no one ever did any service to another without an interested motive;" but even he, with all his cautious suspicion, could not ascribe any interested motive to the warm-hearted young man who gave to him not from his abundance, but from the very slender income to which he was avowedly and earnestly anxious to add all he could by honest industry. The consequence was, that old Jervis voluntarily stated to his landlady, that "the world was not quite so bad as he had believed it to be;" and as he had greatly risen in her opinion since the visits of the gentlemanly young surgeon, the lady-like girl, and her respectable mother, she was much pleased with this remark, and quoted it to her other lodgers as a decided

proof of the development of an amiable spirit in the "poor dear old man," excited by gratitude for her own recent attentions.

* * * * *

Will my readers suffer me to pass over the space of a twelvemonth before I again introduce them to the *dramatis personæ* of my little story? Great and startling changes have taken place among them, and it may be interesting to hear how far their "gold-seeking" has prospered.

Mr. Trafford is a ruined man; the bubble "Company" which was to prove to him a short cut to incalculable wealth burst some months ago; and his whole property being liable to the casualties of the concern, his name appeared among the list of bankrupts. The kindness of friends has enabled him again to begin business in a small way, and he has now practical means of testing the aphorism of the ancient philosopher once so triumphantly quoted by him, that "there is but three months' difference between the best table and the worst;" but I am sorry to say that he now declares the philosopher to be decidedly in the wrong, and maintains that no lapse of time can possibly persuade him, that his mutton chop and Marsala can bear any sort of comparison with the made dishes and Champagne in which he luxuriated during his days of affluence. Mrs. Trafford was never able to procure the diamond tiara; she found the skill of her card-playing coterie completely triumphant over her own

lightning flash of good fortune, and she was compelled in a very few weeks to apply to her husband for the payment of her gaming debts. He gave her the money required, but with so many bitter reprimands, and caustic sarcasms on her folly, that she derived a little consolation in their subsequent misfortunes from having the power of reminding him that "it was much better to lose a few hundreds at cards than to sacrifice your whole property in a ruinous speculation." I am sorry to say that Mrs. Trafford does not show any inclination to imitate the character of the "Wife" in Washington Irving's beautiful tale; and that there is no instance on record of her ever having, like that lady, welcomed her husband to his humble home after the toils of business, with a song to the harp, and a banquet of strawberries and cream!

Nelcombe, after having made himself for ten months a perfect slave to the whims and fancies of Mrs. Dennison, received at length the welcome information of the old lady's sudden demise; the will was forthcoming, and the cousins from Somersetshire attended at the reading, their hearts alternately throbbing with hope and fear. The latter feeling, however, predominated, when they witnessed the assured bearing of Nelcombe, who addressed them in tones of the most condescending patronage, and told them "not to be depressed at the contents of the will, for he was perfectly assured that dear Mrs. Dennison had always entertained the highest esteem for them!" Such, indeed, proved to be the fact; for when the old lady's

will was opened, it appeared that the whole of her money was left to the Brownlows, and that Nelcombe's name was not even mentioned in it; Nelcombe immediately called on the friend at whose house the fair damsel from the country had been staying, who had made a decided impression on his heart a year ago, and inquired if she was likely again to revisit London; he was told that she had been a resident in it for some months, having married a gentleman who had taken Nelcombe's place in escorting herself and her party to the various amusements of London. Nelcombe has now turned woman-hater, and rails unceasingly against the deceptions, caprices, and perversities of the whole sex.

Miss Otley has succeeded in her wishes; she has been for some months the wife of the wealthy Mr. Witherton, and is a miserable woman. The aunt, as she surmised, declined saying anything about a marriage settlement; consequently she is quite dependent on the generosity of her husband, which is of so very limited an extent that money even for the common necessities of life is doled out to her in the most grudging and parsimonious way, she is almost secluded from society, because keeping up society is expensive; and she warns her young friends, in her occasional morning visits to them, to avoid her fate, not by abstaining from making a mercenary marriage, but by taking very good care that their mercenary views in marriage shall be realized!

Harville completed the pamphlet that he had pro-

mised to write, and doubtless Lord —— would, as the publisher had predicted, have requested an introduction to him, had he not gone out of office at that precise time ; his successor not having, like himself, quarrelled with his relations, was encircled by such a host of brothers, nephews, and cousins, that nobody could hope for his patronage for at least seven years to come. Harville is blamed by some of his friends, and laughed at by others, has quarrelled with his publisher, and is now working off his feelings in a satirical novel, which he means to print on his own account.

Having thus disposed of the “gold-seekers,” I must now say something about Stanford. He continued for some months to exert himself vigorously in his profession, and his gains increased slowly, although surely, but matrimony seemed still at an indefinite distance from himself and his prudent Clara. His kindness to old Jervis continued unabated, for it had not arisen from a sudden capricious impulse of generosity, but was based on steady principle. The old man’s constitution appeared gradually giving way. Stanford did for him all that medical skill could do ; attended to his last comforts, and received his last sigh. “And now, Mrs. Atkins,” said Stanford to the landlady, “all that remains to be done is, that a respectable, although economical funeral should be provided for our poor old friend, of which of course I shall defray the expenses.” Mrs. Atkins now produced a slip of paper, which she said had been given to her by the old man a few weeks after his accident ; it contained the name

and direction of a person to whom he desired an immediate communication might be made of his death, whenever that event should take place. Stanford was somewhat surprised at this circumstance, old Jervis having constantly asserted that, with the exception of Stanford, there was not a human being for whom he cared, or who cared for him. It appeared that the name of this mysterious friend was Rothwell, and that his residence was in the next street; therefore Stanford deemed it best to request Mrs. Atkins, who was still more curious on the subject than himself, to go there immediately, and make the desired communication. In a very short time she returned, accompanied by an acute-looking, well-dressed man, who announced himself as Mr. Rothwell, and who certainly did not exhibit such tokens of grief as he might well have been supposed to do, from the distinction conferred on him by the deceased in singling him out as the only person to whom his death might be supposed to be a matter of interest. Stanford began to speak of old Jervis in terms of pity and kindness.

"A very eccentric old gentleman!" said the stranger.

Stanford was rather surprised at this singular commentary on the character of the deceased.

"Supposing," continued Mr. Rothwell, "that you would wish immediately to inspect the will of your late friend, I have brought it with me."

"Is there not some mistake?" asked Stanford with a half smile, as he thought on the meagre "proper-

ties" of the attic; "the money that the poor old man would have paid to a solicitor for making his will would, I think, have exceeded that which could be realized by the sale of all that he had to bequeath."

"Perhaps, sir, you may find yourself mistaken in your conjecture," said the solicitor, for such he was; "you must have occasionally heard of the existence of misers."

"In my juvenile days I have read of such beings," said Stanford, "but I thought that the race had become completely extinct; I am sorry to hear that my poor old friend (for a friend I really considered him to be) was one of that class."

"I do not think you have any reason to be sorry on that account," said the solicitor, with a shrewd professional smile; "Mr. Jervis has, indeed, proved himself to be a true friend to you, and a very valuable one, by bequeathing to you the whole of his handsome property."

Stanford persisted in his opinion that there must be some mistake in the business, and Mr. Rothwell continued—

"A few months ago, an old man waited on me, whose appearance gave me the idea that he had come to ask charity. I was surprised when he told me that he wished to have his will made; still more so, when he mentioned that he had property to bequeath of the value of thirty thousand pounds. I believe I gave him to understand that I was somewhat astonished at the disparity between his appearance and his riches,

for he frankly told me that he had outlived relations who were very dear to him, that the friends whom he had hoped would have supplied their place had deceived his trust in them, and that he had resolved to retire from the world, living in the simplest and quietest manner, in order thereby to escape the hypocritical adulation always shown to the wealthy. He added, that as the love of saving, like the love of spending, increases by indulgence, his frugality had, he was conscious, gradually degenerated into parsimony. A few months antecedent to his visit to me, he had met with an accident; a young surgeon had accompanied him home, and had ever since treated him with the utmost kindness and generosity; he could feel no doubt as to the purity of his motives, and he thought he could not do better than reward him for his disinterestedness by the bequest of his property."

A week after this conversation, old Jervis was handsomely and respectably, although not ostentatiously, consigned to the earth; and Stanford shortly engaged a pretty house in the Regent's Park, and busied himself in choosing furniture for it, in the selection of which he was greatly assisted by the taste of Clara Belson. The circumstance of the miser's will had, in the dearth of other news, been caught up by a newspaper reporter, and Stanford's old friends were speedily enlightened as to the exact particulars of his acquisition of fortune.

"What a lucky speculation Stanford has made of it!" sighed Mr. Trafford, casting a rueful glance on a

dusty pile of the prospectuses of the defunct Joint Stock Company; "he has ventured a few pounds, and gained thirty thousand in exchange for them."

"What a lucky thing for the portionless Clara Belson, to get a husband who can give her a good establishment!" said Mrs. Trafford, sadly watching the receding steps of the lodging-house maid, who had just finished laying the cloth in their only sitting-room.

"Stanford would not have met with this noble recompense," soliloquized Nelcombe, "had he shown kindness to an old woman instead of an old man; the sex are imbued with the spirit of contradiction, and the 'ruling passion' is with them 'strong in death.'"

"Happy Clara Belson!" said Mrs. Witherton to her aunt; "she has a mother living, who will doubtless condition that she shall have a settlement of ten thousand pounds at the very least."

Harville said nothing at all, but introduced the story of the miser as an episode in his satirical novel, representing that the young surgeon had known all along of the miser's wealth, but had had the discretion to keep his information to himself.

"Dearest Clara," said Stanford, on the evening of their wedding-day, "how little, a year ago, could I have hoped for the happiness that I now enjoy! I remember I was then defending gold-seekers, and openly avowing myself to be one of their class, and little anticipated that the gold which I had prepared

to earn so slowly and painfully by my professional exertions would descend upon me at once in a rapid shower. I must take warning by my poor friend Jervis, and not grow too fond of the 'glittering dross,' as the poets call it."

"There is little fear that such should be the case," replied Clara; "the comforts of life you are well justified in enjoying; and in regard to its luxuries, none, I am aware, will ever be so estimable in your eyes as 'the luxury of doing good.' Thus rightly knowing the uses of property, a sudden acquisition of fortune will not have the power of transforming you either into a spendthrift or a miser; but you will rather verify the words of Solon, who says, 'That house is the happiest where the estate is got without injustice, kept without distrust, and spent without repentance.'"

"Appositely quoted," said Stanford; "such is exactly my own theory."

"And with *you*, dear Stanford," replied the bride, "'Theory' is always exemplified by 'Practice.'"

GEORGETTE.

SHE'S up with the lark, but it is not to hear
His "blithe matin-song" that her couch she forsakes.
(Her grandmother fancies it is; but 'tis clear
That grannies are apt to make dreadful mistakes.)

She strays by the moon's pallid lustre at night;
And tales, on returning, to granny relates,
Of soft balmy zephyrs, and silvery light,
And nightingales plaintively wooing their mates.

There's a voice she thinks sweeter than that of the
lark;
There's a kiss she prefers to the zephyr's salute;
And a walk by the river, or stroll through the park,
Would have charms for Georgette, though the birds
were all mute!

THE END.

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We should endeavor in every way to render our infants not only healthy, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but we should not rest easy, so long as their cheeks are pale, their natures torpid, or their flesh wanting in firmness, as those of many children are.

The healthy infant should be firm in flesh, ruddy in color, strong, and very active ; and mothers who find that their children are not so, however interesting they may seem from the apparent delicacy of their organization, ought to leave no means untried to secure for them all the characteristics.

At this age, air, exercise, and appropriate food are everything.

With unremitting and judicious attention to all of them, a weakly child may become a strong one ; without them, the strongest will, before he is a year old, already begin to lose his strength, plumpness, and color.

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